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THE LURE AND THE LORE OF TRAVEL

BY
CARL VROOMAN
AND
JULIA SCOTT VROOMAN



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THE LURE AND THE LORE OF TRAVEL

CHAPTER I

A ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE

On a recent trip abroad our fellow passengers formed a rather more amusing scratch collection of human beings than is usually to be found even on a trans-Atlantic liner. The weather was monotonously calm and the voyage singularly uneventful, save for some interesting conversational "mixups" between people who, under any other conceivable circumstances, would never have taken each other seriously enough to talk together for five minutes at a time.

I remember in particular two young women. One, called the "Merry Widow" because she was taking a long vacation from home and husband and native land, was suffering from a surplus of physical and emotional energy and a dearth of any acknowledged domestic, mental, or moral responsibilities. The other was afflicted with a chronic case of ingrowing conscience, and on account of her abnormally developed analytical powers, exercised chiefly in laying bare her own and other people's failings,

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was referred to by her fellow passengers as "Miss Ann Eliza." Both were going abroad for an indefinite sojourn. Both were full of plans and projects to be put into execution on their arrival, and each felt completely assured that she was on the one and only right track for making the most of her opportunities.

One afternoon, after having been pleasantly diverted for some time, along with a number of other listeners, by a spirited discussion between the two ladies as to the relative values of sundry ways and means of skimming the cream off of Europe, I was suddenly thrown into a state of panic by being called upon by both fair disputants to umpire the game.

"As a seasoned globe-trotter," diplomatically began Miss Ann Eliza, "what, according to your observation and experience, is the surest way to get the best out of Europe? Is it not true that to obtain the most satisfying results one should studiously plan for a trip abroad and resolutely adhere to that plan?"

"I never plan anything," laughed the Merry Widow; "I always go to the best hotels, the best shops, the best galleries, the best operas, and try to eat and drink, to buy and see and enjoy the best of everything. I have a policy, but I never make any plans."

"I have known people," I remarked cautiously, "who have graduated from both your schools of travel. Undoubtedly, both courses are good — during the novitiate period — but I would not hesitate to prophesy that one or both of you will go in later for a post-graduate course that will open up new and undreamed-of worlds of absorbing interest."

"You mean that we are both wrong?" observed Ann Eliza with merciless precision.

"I mean that you are both right," I replied, "but both young. Even in your plans you have not yet exhausted your own possibilities nor those of Europe."

"If you do not believe in turning a European trip into a bore," resumed the Merry Widow, "I am ready to listen to any and all your suggestions, but if I had intended to make work of travel, I would have stayed at home."

"On one's first impressionistic foreign tour," I replied, "I am inclined to favor, as a method of travel, the way hedgehogs are said to eat their grapes, that is, rolling over in them and eating those that stick to their quills. If inclination be ever the best guide, surely it is on a journey in search of an answer to the essentially personal question — what does Europe mean to me?"

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"Bravo," cried the Merry Widow, clapping her little white hands enthusiastically.

"If one has little or no intelligence, I can understand how that point of view would appeal to her," ejaculated Ann Eliza, looking pointedly at her antagonist, "but if one has a mind, I should think it might be just as well to use it."

"Quite so," I replied, "but let us remember that the reasoning mind is not our only intellectual faculty, and hence, strange as it may seem, the problem of getting the most out of travel is not primarily one of industry and intellectual acumen but rather one of sympathy and emotional responsiveness. Just as our physical nourishment depends less upon what we eat than upon what we assimilate, so the growth of the mind and spirit depends less upon what we see than upon what we appreciate and make a part of ourselves. There is a mental and spiritual baggage which the traveler may bring home with him quite separate and distinct from his rich spoils of memory — a certain deposit in the soul, left often by the most fleeting impressions, which the artist may later work into his picture, which may enter unbidden into some fugitive verse of the poet, or cast its forgotten halo about the lover's dream." (Applause from all the ladies.)

"I often think," I continued, with growing confidence, "of what a Harvard professor said to me as I was starting on my first trip abroad. 'A man can learn more,' he declared, 'loafing about Europe for a year than grinding away for the same length of time at the University.' If this be true, then the most important question to be decided, before embarking, would seem to be not what books to read, what lectures to attend, what studies to undertake — though all these have their importance — but how to live, how to establish the most intimate and agreeable possible relations with the people among whom for the time being your lot is to be cast. For unless one becomes sufficiently naturalized, mentally and emotionally, in a foreign country to arrive at a reasonable approximation of the native point of view, one is extremely apt to miss what is best and most distinctive about that country. While it is highly useful to have a working knowledge of another people's language and a nodding acquaintance with its literature, art, and history, all such information that an outsider may acquire is apt to be inadequate, largely incomprehensible, and at times even misleading, unless one has learned by experience to adjust his mental lenses so as to see things in their normal rela-

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tions to their environment and in their true perspective."

"I am in entire agreement with much that you have said," responded Ann Eliza thoughtfully, "but the question is as to the *how* of getting all this. I am, perhaps, laboring under the delusion that there is 'no excellence without great labor.' "

"If so," I interrupted, "I fear that is precisely where you make your mistake. The world of the traveler is not the everyday, commonplace world of routine, drudgery, and cold logic which we ordinarily inhabit, but a species of modern fairyland, a veritable *dolce far niente*, but one in which life is full to overflowing of zest and exhilaration, and where more information can be soaked in through the eyes, ears and pores of the skin than can be acquired by the hardest kind of mental gorging in the usual laborious and time-honored ways."

"If I catch your meaning," suggested the Merry Widow, "life abroad should be not a dull routine, but something more like — what shall I say? — a continuous vaudeville performance or a long-drawn-out 'joy ride.' "

"If you do not use those phrases in too literal and too materialistic a sense, you have caught my meaning exactly."

By this time Ann Eliza had almost reached the boiling-point of her righteous indignation, but holding herself well in hand, she said, "Just one other question. If life over here is to be all pleasure-seeking and receptivity, perhaps it might not be out of place to inquire as to what form of pleasures a person should specialize in, and to what sort of influences one ought to throw open arms and soul. Surely it cannot be necessary to restrict one's self to what is cheap, superficial and tawdry. It is quite possible, and it might even be found desirable, to take advantage of a foreign tour, not to gratify one's commonest and vulgarest impulses, but to learn to enjoy those things, such as the highest forms of music, literature and art, which for thousands of years the best, the most refined and the most intelligent people of the world have found to be not only enjoyable, but instructive and ennobling."

"You have struck the keynote," I replied with enthusiasm. "Without a doubt you have the right ideal, but I think I must insist that we have the right method. Have us instructed as much as you please, if only you will allow us to enjoy ourselves during the process."

"But here let me make one point clear," I continued; "while a European tour should not be turned into a grind, at the same time on

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going abroad it would seem unnecessary to leave all one's moral and æsthetic impressionability and mental curiosity at home in cold storage. To be sure, many tourists are constitutionally incapable of understanding, or even of contemplating sympathetically, the habits and customs of other peoples. Judging everybody and everything by the standards of their particular country, section, or neighborhood, they miss what is most worth while and most delightful about a foreign tour. It matters not how many times such travelers may circumnavigate the globe, nor how much heterogeneous information they may manage to scrape together concerning various races and continents,— they will die as they were born — provincials. A certain attitude of open-mindedness and a reasonable faculty for sympathetic appreciation of truth and worth and beauty, under whatever new guises these may appear, are absolutely essential parts of a traveler's mental equipment if he is to come into anything like an intelligent understanding of the differing points of view and the various underlying motives of alien races and peoples.

"As in America, so in Europe, the things most worth while cannot be had for the asking nor for money alone. Beauty exists only for

those who are able to appreciate it; the charm of romance and legend thrills the hearts of those alone whose natures instinctively respond to the appeal of high and generous emotions; and the inspiration of historic and heroic associations is felt by none save those who are capable of being lifted out of and above themselves into the Olympian atmosphere of the good and great of every age and people."

Miss Ann Eliza did not exactly smile, but she did not trust herself to speak. Silently she raised her eyebrows just a shade, and looked inquiringly at her antagonist to see whether or not the gist of my remarks had gone home. The little epicurean seemed suddenly to have lost her taste for conversation, but being hopelessly cornered by a dozen pair of inquiring eyes, she finally broke an embarrassing silence and resolutely expressed her total lack of sympathy with either the spirit or the letter of my monologue by saying to Miss Ann Eliza:

"I believe this is your first trip abroad. When you have been over a few more times, and all that seems so poetic and romantic now has become something of an old story, I imagine you will feel as I do, that you have got past the globe-trotting stage and are henceforth free

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to stay as long as you please at the places you like best, such as Cannes or St. Maurice for the winter; Paris for the autumn and spring; and Aix, Carlsbad, or Homburg for the summer. At all such resorts one meets charming, aristocratic people — polished men of the world who have had the leisure to cultivate the social amenities, who have taken the pains to learn how to make themselves agreeable to women, and who, in fact, have so planned their existence as to make of living itself a fine art."

Having delivered herself of this magisterial dictum, she arose, as if to say, "The audience is at an end," — but here a much betraveled Smith College professor, who up to this time had shown herself to be a first-class listener, headed off her purposed retreat by saying, " You have opened up a most interesting problem, and some of your suggestions are much to the point. As you say, globe-trotting has no place in the post graduate course of travel. While a first view of Europe must necessarily be somewhat telescopic, or even kaleidoscopic, if, as is usually the case, one tries to cover an entire continent and some twenty odd centuries of history on a single tour; later views, if they are to be as full of spice, variety and enjoyment, must approach more nearly to the microscopic. How curious it is that although the

advantages of ‘intensive farming’ have long been recognized, so few tourists seem to realize the extraordinary advantages to be derived from the intensive method when applied to travel.

“The application of this method to market gardening has enabled the French peasant to get a comfortable living from a patch of ground that the average American farmer would disdain as a chicken yard. This same method, applied to a subject instead of a plot of ground, has led to that ‘specialization’ in science which is largely responsible for the recent increase in our accurate and detailed knowledge of the physical universe. It is this method, applied to the field of industrial activity, that has given rise to that ‘division of labor’ which, together with the rapid progress of mechanical invention, has brought about such an incredible increase during the past fifty years in the productivity of human toil. And it is this method, when made use of by tourists and students of comparative art, politics, history, and present-day civilization, which is fast making of travel the only known ‘royal road to knowledge.’”

“That is precisely what I was trying to say,” chimed in the little Merry Widow nervously.

“There may be a method of travel,” I remarked, “which is ‘a royal road to knowledge,’

but if so, it is ‘a straight and narrow path, and few there be that find it.’ ”

“ Yes,” continued the fair professor, “ I fear there is a gulf fixed between frittering away one’s time at such fashion infested resorts as Cannes, Aix, and St. Maurice, and taking a genuine post graduate course of travel at Paris, Rome, Florence, and other artistic and intellectual centers. Among other things, the graduate school of travel, like all other graduate schools, presupposes a working knowledge of at least one foreign language. It is extremely difficult, if not actually impossible, to penetrate beneath the outer crust of convention and artificiality of a people unless one is able to speak and understand that people’s language. To be sure, the common boast of British and American tourists, that no Anglo-Saxon need encounter serious practical difficulty in getting about Europe without the use of any but his mother-tongue, unquestionably is true. Hotels, railways, casinos, the stock sights and the shops in the larger cities, all are at the disposition of anyone and everyone with gold in his purse. In the matter of procuring the creature comforts while indulging in the regulation round of sightseeing, certain it is that ‘money talks’ every known language. But if one tries to do original work in this interesting field, it does

not take long to discover that the essential character, the soul of a people, cannot be got at unless one is able to boast at least a nodding acquaintance with the literature of that people as well as with the largely ephemeral but sometimes intensely moving expressions of popular thought and feeling which pour forth from day to day through such channels as its press, its fiction, its pulpit, its theatre, and its parliamentary debates."

"Yes, of course," ejaculated the little target for these remarks, "and yet, after all, are not the people one meets abroad more interesting than the things one sees?"

"That depends upon the people," rejoined the professor. "While the fellow tourists one meets in hotel lobbies are frequently very nice in their way, yet association with them is a poor substitute for a real touching of elbows with the men and women who go with, and form an integral part of, the scenery and civilization we have come thousands of miles to see. For my own part, I am free to say that the finest moments I have experienced in foreign lands have not been the ones spent gazing at the Coliseum, or staring at the Pyramids, or gaping at the gaudy sepulcher of Napoleon, but rather those rare moments of unaffected and intimate conversation and companionship with unknown,

and sometimes wholly unlettered, chance acquaintances who, by their very naïveté and unguarded freedom of expression, unconsciously have revealed to me deep and hidden characteristics of different races and peoples."

"And these experiences," I observed, "would have been impossible but for your familiarity with continental languages."

"Possibly," retorted little Madame Butterfly, "but I find that all the people most worth meeting at Cannes and the other exclusive resorts speak English as well as they do their own tongues."

"Yes!" agreed the Professor. "The French Riviera offers exceptional facilities for social intercourse with foreigners who speak English. It is undoubtedly an ideal region in which to put in a month of motoring and golf, but to my mind even its wealth of natural beauty could hardly repay a normally healthy and intelligent person for a longer sojourn there. Every winter Nice, Cannes, and Monte Carlo are inundated by a promiscuous cosmopolitan influx of fanatical devotees of fashion, sport, luxury, and vice who dominate and desecrate the entire countryside from Hyères to San Remo. And as for Aix, Carlsbad, and the other 'cures' that are frequented by the nobility — during the 'season' they are hot, stuffy, and swarming with the halt, the maimed, and

the decrepit, and are in no imaginable way attractive, save to those who are physically ill or obsessed by social ambition."

To prevent our little sparring match from going too far — and possibly ending with a knockout blow — I hastily rose at this point, and in my official capacity declared the bout "a draw."

"It is patent," I said, "that Rome and Paris are richer in art treasures, ruins, and other stimulants of the æsthetic nature and the historic imagination than are Aix and Nice. But on the other hand, is it not demonstrated every day by thousands of our compatriots that if one has no stomach for that sort of thing, it is quite possible, even in these intellectual centers, to attain a state of surprisingly complete immunity from every cultural influence? As a matter of fact, is not Europe like a vast library in which human nature automatically finds its level — certain types eagerly seizing upon the cheapest and most salacious authors, and others as instinctively seeking the companionship of the wisest, the wittiest, and the noblest of mankind?"

"However," I concluded, as the first gong sounded for dinner, "in a discussion of this nature, let us not forget that there is perhaps safety in the old Latin proverb — '*De gustibus non est disputandem.*' "

CHAPTER II

PICKING UP A LANGUAGE

On my first trip to Europe, like the Irish immigrant who came to America expecting to find money lying about the streets, I confidently counted on being able to "pick up" one or two of the leading European languages at odd moments, during a six months' tour of the Continent.

Before leaving America I provided myself with a copy of "French Verbs at a Glance," and I remember well with what intelligent care and naïve satisfaction I selected from Baedeker's list of Paris hotels a little French hostelry right in the heart of the Latin Quarter as my basis of operations. Having heard that most Americans make the mistake of going to the plutocratic section of the city, near the Avenue de l'Opera or the Arc de Triomphe, I determined to settle down in close proximity to the University, l'École des Beaux Arts, the Chamber of Deputies and the great national museums and art galleries. Living among the French, I would absorb their language, and living among

poets, artists, students and statesmen, I would receive mental stimulus and inspiration from the highly charged psychic atmosphere of this hive of the "intellectuals" of France. Thus I reasoned and planned and prepared to make the most of my opportunities. But alas! while my logic was sound enough, my knowledge of the game was sadly incomplete.

At the very start, my attempt to talk business with the hotel proprietress in her own vernacular ended in failure and confusion — the good woman finally being forced to come to my rescue and explain her terms in that universal language which no self-respecting innkeeper, barber, waiter or bootblack in any part of the habitable globe can afford to be without — namely, English. But while I never mustered courage to attempt to speak French with my landlady again, I still had lively hopes of being able to "work" the waiter for a few francs' worth of French a day, and talked with him at every convenient opportunity, until to my horror I discovered that my pronounced American accent was acquiring from this association a decided Dutch flavor.

After nursing my disappointment for a few days, I finally realized that I should have to take up the study of French seriously and methodically. Accordingly I engaged the serv-

ices of a gifted young woman for an hour a day, at "three francs fifty" per hour. The drivelling dreariness of these linguistic performances was past belief. As they dragged on week after week, the lady and I became so bored with each other and our common store of stock phrases about the weather, our health and kindred topics, that we finally gave up all attempts at small talk and turned our undivided attention to the intricacies of irregular verbs, irrational grammatical constructions and irritating idioms. .

One of the worst features about being thus dependent upon a teacher who appears at stated intervals, is that the punctual mistress and the appointed hour so often arrive just at the moment one is particularly anxious to be doing something else, in which case one must forego a pleasure or forfeit a lesson, along with the price of it. In either event, one is apt to feel a quite unreasonable resentment against the teacher and the language — likely enough blaming one's parents roundly, as for one thing or another people have been prone to blame them, from our "first parents" until our last — for not having had foreign languages poured into one during the plastic period of childhood.

At this stage of my perplexity, I was told by a sympathizing friend, to whom I had confided

the story of my thwarted efforts, that the easiest way to acquire the language was to get into a select "family pension" where only French was spoken. This suggestion sounded so promising that I lost no time in putting it into execution, and soon found myself in a highly recommended place where the Mistress, who was "diplomée," made a special point of correcting rigorously all the mistakes of her guests. Nearly all nationalities were represented at our frugal board, and while some of the ladies had a fairly good command of the language, none of them dared to launch out and say anything they had not previously planned and mentally rehearsed, for fear of being pounced upon by Madame and having their shortcomings held up mercilessly to the public gaze. Thus except for an occasional "well thought out and carefully executed" sentence, uttered by one of the bolder spirits, our conversation was about as vivacious as that of a table of deaf mutes.

I soon revolted at this intellectual tyranny, and one day at dinner politely indicated to Madame, that while her French was excellent and her food and drink most appetizing, her psychology was below par.

"You have got all these people scared, bluffed, buffaloed," I urged. "What they need is not so much criticism as encouragement, and

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plenty of it. No error should be corrected until it has been made repeatedly. Most of our blunders we are painfully aware of as soon as they are out of our mouths and by practise we could learn to avoid them. But if you are constantly at hand suggesting fear, failure and public humiliation, however much we may learn of the science of grammar, we shall never learn the art of speaking French with spontaneity or facility."

"None of my guests have ever objected to my methods before," she retorted, "and some of them have a splendid knowledge of the language."

"Yes," I replied, "and their state of hopeless inability to make any effective use of what they know is precisely what I am most anxious to avoid."

The next straw I grasped at was an advertisement of a "cultivated French family" which was willing to "take in one or two paying guests" who were desirous of perfecting themselves in the French language. I promptly swallowed the bait, hook and all, and was sadly disconcerted on entering the dining-room to see that not merely "one or two" but seven "paying guests" had been received into the elastic and commodious bosom of this hospitable family. The prevailing tongue was a sort of

mongrel, Anglo-Germanic-French, very like a cur dog I once saw, whose owner on being questioned as to his breed, replied—"I don't yust know, but I tink he vas a spitz-bull-foundlin'."

During my brief stay there I acquired the names of a few pieces of furniture and some dishes and saucepans, but as I was not gifted with the splendid patience and persistence of my Teutonic associates, I soon retired in bad order, leaving them in possession of the field.

At this psychological moment, just as I was beginning to feel that I had sounded all the depths and shoals of discouragement, I chanced to fall in with a man who informed me that the problem of finding a royal road to a language — which had baffled the keenest minds of generations — at last had been solved, by means of that mechanical marvel of the nineteenth century, the phonograph.

"In this inexpensive little mechanism," he said, "which speaks all languages with equal ease, you have a faithful and untiring language teacher, at your beck and call day and night, always ready and willing to repeat any troublesome word or phrase over and over again, until you have completely mastered whatever difficulties you may have in the way of accent or construction. Moreover, you need have no set hours for pursuing your studies. When you

have nothing else to do, you have only to make yourself comfortable, put in the desired cylinder, and amuse and instruct yourself to your heart's content."

I rose to this glittering prospect like a trout to a fly, and on learning that my informant happened to be the agent for the machine in question ordered one on the spot. The first day or two I devoted to the interesting task of learning how to run it and trying all sorts of records, some in English as a relaxation, and one or two especially funny ones about some Irishmen — but as Kipling says, "that is another story." But the French ones were troublesome and dull.

"It will become more and more fascinating," the salesman assured me, "as you come to understand the language better, and do not have to stop so frequently to have phrases repeated or to consult your dictionary."

Ah! there I was baffled again by this will-o'-the-wisp of a language — always apparently so near at hand, but always just eluding my grasp! However, I did not throw up the sponge without a struggle. I toiled conscientiously and doggedly on with my dictionary, grammar, talking machine, cylinders and explanatory pamphlets, until suddenly on the tenth day, all my energy and determination evaporated at the thought

that by means of this extraordinary paraphernalia I could pursue my French studies quite as effectively at Tombstone, Arizona, as in Paris! At this juncture, my "horse sense" asserted itself, and I packed and shipped the whole outfit — phonograph, text books, records and all — to America. My long nightmare was over. I was at last wide awake to the absurdity and the pathos of my misdirected strenuousness.

During this unhappy period of wabbling about in the wilderness, I made diligent inquiry, and discovered to my amazement, and I fear to my satisfaction, that something very like my own experience was the rule rather than the exception. I remember in particular the case of a charming young American girl, who had spent nearly four years in French-speaking countries, without having acquired much more facility with the language than I could boast. Her summers had been put in at Geneva and her winters at Mentone, with occasional side trips to Paris, Italy and elsewhere.

"I am a member of the tennis clubs at Geneva and Mentone," she said, "but at both of them I meet generally either English, Americans or foreigners who speak our language. I attend the American churches where I meet more Americans, and most of the afternoon teas, as well as the balls to which I go, are

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frequented chiefly by the English-speaking tribes, or by Germans intent upon practising their English upon every defenseless person they meet. Thus you see my opportunities for learning French, except by means of tiresome lessons and hard digging, are practically nil."

When at the end of six months I returned to America, it is true that I had picked up enough bootblack, barber-shop and bargain-counter French to enable me to make known all my most primitive wants and necessities. I had read the French newspapers with considerable profit, and some pleasure, but I had demonstrated thoroughly that if ever I was to get a real grip on the French language, I should have to adopt a more vigorous or a more intelligent plan of campaign.

CHAPTER III

LIVING AS EUROPEANS DO

On my first visit to Europe, like most young and inexperienced cultivators, whether of the soil or the arts, I had made the mistake of trying to handle too large an area. Taking all Europe as my field of operations, I managed in a blundering sort of way to extract a certain amount of mental and emotional sustenance from the place as a whole, but I did not get a creditable yield per acre. A remark once made by the Right Honorable John Burns about the American people might have been applied to me at this period. "The American people," said the Honorable John, "is a very young colt in a very large field."

However, before embarking on a second pilgrimage to this endlessly interesting grandfatherland of our race, I took a junior partner into the firm, and aided and abetted by her, formulated a "foreign policy" which proved successful from the very start. Instead of traveling from one tourist hotel to another, our

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plan was to take quarters among the natives wherever we went, in order to live as nearly as possible the *normal* life of the country and to associate on friendly terms with all sorts and conditions of its people.

At Paris we got a valuable cue from a shrewd Yankee who, wishing to place his daughter in a boarding-school where she would be associated exclusively with French children, laboriously went the rounds of the British and American consuls, pastors, and banks, making careful note of the schools they recommended and promptly eliminating all such from his list of eligibles, on the grounds that presumably they already had an established Anglo-Saxon clientele.

In similar fashion, at Mentone, where we stopped first, the test question we put to the proprietors of the places that had been recommended was whether they had any present or prospective English or American guests. On being beamingly assured that the house was, or soon expected to be, full of them, we explained that this was precisely what we did *not* want, and shaking the dust of that establishment from our feet, continued our search for a pure and unadulterated French atmosphere. This at last we found — thanks to the French Protestant pastor, in a little “bourgeois pen-

sion" where a number of French merchants, government employees, and some retired Parisian families ate, drank, argued and made merry for an incredibly drawn-out lunch hour and for twice as long at dinner time. In a nearby apartment house we secured rooms flooded with sunshine, looking out on the mountains and the sea.

Our board and lodging, together with such "extras" as eggs and fruit with our breakfast, mineral waters and afternoon tea, a private sitting-room and rousing wood fires, all of which are costly luxuries at hotels, we had at less than the price of ordinary cramped hotel accommodations. Moreover, it would be hard to estimate the value of constantly hearing and speaking French — an extra which was a luxury that none of the pretentious tourist "palaces" swarming with Anglo-Saxon and German guests could have provided at any price.

As one who has mastered the rudiments of swimming in the buoyant brine of the Great Salt Lake is apt, on first trying his fortunes in fresher waters, to go struggling and strangling to the bottom, so we as promptly came to grief on this our first opportunity for putting into workaday practice the college French which had proved so deceptively adequate to the exigencies of life in America. In a comparatively

short time, however, thanks to the unwearied patience and zest with which the entire circle at our pension devoted themselves to the hospitable and patriotic task of initiating us into the mysteries of their "incomparable language," we soon were able to hold our heads above water, and a little later to strike out boldly for ourselves in the tempestuous waves of conversation that raged about us.

There were frequent political discussions between Bonapartists and republicans, nationalists and socialists, the excitement of debate often rising to a white heat — when suddenly the advent of another course would switch the tide of talk to religion, whereupon the battle would rage no less fiercely between Protestants, Catholics and Free Thinkers, until with the arrival of dessert all hands would settle down to the delicate and delectable task of deciding which they hated most thoroughly, the English or the Germans.

We divided our spare time between such indoor distractions as were offered by the theatres and operas at Mentone, Monte Carlo, and Nice, and the outdoor attractions which a prodigal nature has lavished on these coasts. Mentone, set midway between the Alps and the Mediterranean, seems like a woman wooed by two lovers and uncertain which to choose,—

the mountains bending down from their heights to caress her, or the sea creeping close to her side, content only to touch the hem of her garment and lie always at her feet. At no other resort in this region are there so many interesting walks and mountain climbs or such a variety of motor trips over unrivalled roads that present to view an ever-changing panorama of hillsides and valleys covered with a luxuriant tropical vegetation, yet hemmed in by ranges of snow-capped peaks rising out of the distance like ghosts of winter that threaten but dare not approach.

Often our excursions led us through quaint little stone villages, dirty, cold and crumbling, which, perched here and there on desolate mountain crags, and swarming with wretched peasants, still call to mind the days when the Saracens ravaged these coasts and all the fishermen and country folk of the region fled for their lives to these hill towns, each of which was fortified with an impregnable chateau.

If in some respects the French are most economical, they are at least spendthrifts in the matter of road-building. Along these "Coasts of Azure" one frequently has the choice between three attractive routes — the first so near the sea as to be almost lapped by its waves, the second higher up among the hills, and the last

a splendid national highway a thousand feet sheer in the air, with military branches leading to fortified mountain tops and numerous descending roads on either side encircling the mountains in wonderful sweeping spirals like broad white ribbons, tying together the various features of the landscape in a colossal Napoleonic knot.

On our last night at Mentone, after three months of rare good comradeship, we were feted at the pension in a typically French way. A special menu had been prepared for the occasion, as well as a program consisting of monologues, dialogues, songs and speeches in which most of the guests took part, and at the psychological moment a magnificent basket of flowers was presented, while our health was pledged in sparkling champagne, which nevertheless was not as sparkling as the toasts to which it was drunk. This climatic manifestation of friendship on the part of such comparative strangers might have seemed a trifle excessive but for the fact that from the moment they first had welcomed us so whole-heartedly into their gay little bohemian circle until this, the grand finale of the last act, their unfailing courtesy and tactful efforts to aid us in every imaginable way had expressed more eloquently than words the disinterested interest and genuine good-will

which they felt, and of which, in characteristic French fashion, they were wholly unashamed.

Our next long stay was at Venice, where it was our good fortune to secure rooms in a house on the Grand Canal which had been enthusiastically recommended by some artist friends as the favorite Venetian stopping-place for a number of well-known writers, artists, and other "intellectuals," who preferred the freedom and privacy of quiet lodgings *à l'Anglaise* to the noisy confusion and hodge-podge gregariousness of life in "grand" hotels.

The proprietress of this establishment, as eccentric a landlady as we encountered in all our wanderings, was on the whole the most interesting human document we found in Venice. Under her ancient roof one might feel as safe as in one's own home from any danger of contracting contagious diseases, since invalids of all shades and varieties were her particular horror. One afternoon I overheard an amusing conversation between her and an American woman who had come to engage rooms. The final arrangements had been made and the lady was to take possession that afternoon. In a burst of enthusiasm which she felt she could afford after the bargain was struck, and partly, perhaps, for practice in her Italian, which needed exercising, she said, "My husband will

enjoy these rooms so much; he is not well and must have quiet."

Fatal phrase! At the mention of a sick husband Madame scented danger from afar and instantly assumed a defensive attitude. In courteous and circuitous, but at the same time emphatic and conclusive, Italian she gave the lady to understand that it was not within her power to accept a sick lodger. In vain did the woman protest that her husband was not really ill, only suffering from that American malady, nervous prostration, which no Italian ever could catch if he tried. Madame's will was a compound of cast-iron and Gibraltar rock, against which argument and entreaty alike beat in vain, and in the end the American with one long lingering look at the beautiful rooms and another at Madame, more eloquent than all her Italian, was obliged to step into the gondola and return to her nervous husband, the innocent cause of their common calamity.

The only time our chances of remaining here were endangered was on the occasion of my wife's arrival, for the sixth time during a period of as many days, an hour late for lunch-éon. I had been scenting trouble for three or four days, but rightly prognosticated that if things came to a contest, Madame Machiavelli would not last two rounds. The bout, from

my wife's description of it to some friends that evening, must have been an amusing one.

"From a distance," she said, "I sighted Madame standing on the doorstep, gesticulating vehemently and intimating as the gondola came within ear-trumpet shot that her patience was at an end, likewise the lunch, and that all that remained for me was to mend my ways or forfeit my meals along with our rooms. I could but recognize the righteousness of her indignation and the slender grounds for my defence, but what little ground I had, I 'stood' to the best of my ability. Recalling the intense civic pride of the Venetians, which is as susceptible to praise as is the vanity of most people to personal flattery, I inquired in an injured tone how one could possibly be expected to remember mealtime in St. Mark's, or give a thought to one's luncheon in the Academy. She seemed considerably mollified by this view, and when I further explained that there never was so lovely a city, nor one so rich in treasures as Venice, adding grandiloquently that one may eat elsewhere, but in Venice one must adore, the last vestige of her anger was completely melted by the warmth of my enthusiasm, and all my sins against herself were wiped out by my love for her city. Quietly adding some extra delicacies

to my luncheon in token of completest pardon, she stood by while I ate and asked in a pleased way, '*La Signora*, who has seen so much, really finds *Venezia piu bella* (more beautiful) than all the other cities?' Now this was a searching question, as my love for Florence admits of no rivals, but it is not agreeable to hurt people's feelings, nor to omit one's luncheon, even in Venice, so I swore solemnly with my hand on my heart, in the region of my stomach, that '*Venezia e la piu bella di tutte*' (Venice is the most beautiful of all). And really this was no treason, for you know I have certain purely personal reasons for acknowledging the supremacy of Venice in sheer magic and witchery and fairy spell."

At Florence, the next city on our program, we determined if possible to find a family in which we could have practice in both French and Italian. The French Consul, to whom we explained the combination sought — equal facilities for two languages, commodious quarters, plenty of creature comforts, tranquillity for work, entire immunity from English, and the atmosphere of a cultivated home — remarked that we evidently were laboring under some misapprehension, as this was Florence, not Paradise. However, we refused to be discouraged, and in the end Providence again

came to our rescue through what we had come to regard as its regularly ordained channel for help in such emergencies,—namely, the French Protestant church. On applying to the pastor, we were told of a member of his congregation, a French professor with a Florentine wife, who lived in a little villa on the way to Fiesole and occasionally let a suite of three rooms with a balcony overhanging a typical Italian garden and overlooking the distant Cathedral and Campanile. We lost no time in following up this latest clue,—which, if it did not lead to Paradise, seemed to point the way to something very like it,—and found to our delight, once we had passed the somewhat elaborate civil service examination to which we were subjected by the cautious professor and were triumphantly installed in our new quarters, that the reality was quite up to specifications.

The professor, who spoke Italian and French equally well, regaled us with an apparently inexhaustible fund of information about modern Italian life, while the Signora never tired of telling picturesque incidents of her girlhood and early womanhood under the old Florentine régime. In their drawing-room we met many of their friends, while we went piously every Sunday to the little Swiss church where we heard the soundest doctrine and the

purest French — a happy combination for our souls and our pronunciation.

Perhaps the most typically Tuscan character with whom we came into familiar contact in Florence was Giulietta, the little maid, as naïve as an elf and as lovely as one of Raphael's Madonnas, who ran our errands, polished our boots, and did the daily marketing for the villa. One afternoon, as we were watching a funeral procession, she sighed softly, "Death and birth are the companions of all of us, messengers that are never idle!" When asked by my wife who had put that idea into her head, she looked up with a charming humility that was ready to recant any article of faith of her own forging at a word of dissent from the lady from beyond the seas who must needs know all, and replied, "No one, Signora; I thought it myself; perhaps it is not so!"

Although in Florence wonderful hats of Tuscan straw — "plaited gold of God's harvest" — can be bought out of a barrel for a song on market days, there seems to be an unwritten law among the proud Florentines that servants and peasants shall abstain from all indulgence in millinery. So on Sundays and holidays Giulietta used to tie up her black curls in a bandanna and spend the whole afternoon wandering through the galleries of the Uffizi or Pitti,

gazing rapturously at the pictures and seeming to extract endless delight from these ancient masterpieces. I must confess it was rather a shock to me to discover that she was as ignorant of Raphael's identity as she was of her alphabet and seemingly had never even heard of Dante. However, God had given her a lovely face and a poetic nature — and ancestors at least who "knew their Dante" and had discussed the outcome of his passion for Beatrice on their doorsteps; men who had sided for or against Galileo; had been enthusiastic partisans of Leonardo or of his great competitor in the affair of the Pizan cartoons; had helped Michael Angelo defend the walls of Florence, or hewn the stones for Giotto's Campanile, and followed Cimabue's Madonna "rejoicing through the streets." Is it any wonder that the humblest descendant of such a race should have a haunting love of beauty, or that some of the very beggars in Florence should look like poets under their rags?

On several occasions, in Italy and elsewhere, first-class native hotels have proved much more to our taste than the huge cosmopolitan caravansaries which of recent years have sprung up all over the Continent in response to the seemingly inexhaustible demand on the part of certain tourists for hotel accommodations em-

bodily the maximum of luxury and the minimum of refinement.

For example, on leaving Florence for a few weeks' "cure" at a well-known Italian watering-place, we installed ourselves in the comparatively modest hostelry which for years had been the recognized rendezvous for the higher class Italian, French, and South American habitues of the place, hoping thus to eke out a precarious linguistic existence by picking up whatever crumbs of conversation might fall to our lot. The table was deliciously Italian and the social life which we shared with an interesting variety of fellow guests was whole-heartedly and hilariously Latin; while the easy intellectual versatility of our new-found friends, together with their rich poetic powers of expression and vivid flashes of insight, threw interesting sidelights on French and Italian character.

On going to Switzerland for the summer, we were rather chagrined to discover that the more desirable hotels in the most desirable spots in the High Alps had long since been in the serene possession of the migratory hosts of Pan Anglo-Saxondom. However, as a means of living in this already sufficiently familiar world without being too much of it, we finally hit upon the expedient of putting ourselves behind the protecting petticoats of a French companion,

and by arranging for daily readings aloud as well as conversation at meal times and during frequent walks and excursions, found it quite possible to enjoy all the creature comforts and at the same time to absorb almost without effort a goodly dose each day of the desired language and its literature.

In this way we accomplished far more by merely utilizing that by-product of our time known as our "spare moments" than we formerly had done by devoting hours of hard labor to set lessons. With a walking dictionary, self-explanatory grammar, tutor of literature and living fountain of conversation all combined in one person, and that paragon always at one's beck and call, the study of French was transformed from an intellectual mountain climb to a species of mental toboggan slide.

After our summer in the Alps we settled down for the autumn at Geneva in the family of a retired pastor who had a beautiful home with large grounds in the choicest residence quarter of the city. Our host and hostess were related to a number of interesting people, among them the famous old "Christian Philosopher" of Geneva, M. Ernest Naville,¹ known and loved throughout Europe for his scholarship, literary charm, and brilliant personality,

¹ Recently dead at the age of 92.

and as they had a delightful family of grown-up sons and daughters, our stay with them seemed like a long drawn out visit at a big house-party.

Once fairly launched in a sea of French acquaintances, we found it comparatively easy to make our way from one port to another by the aid of friendly pilots in time of need. When we left Switzerland the pleasant relations established with our little coterie of Genevan friends proved an open sesame to an equally delightful circle in Paris. Armed with letters from their Swiss friends and relatives, we persuaded an interesting Parisian and his wife to take us, as an experiment, into their home. The husband, a publisher by profession and a scholar by instinct, had a splendid private library and a detailed and discriminating knowledge of books, both of which he placed at our disposal; while his wife, a graduate of the Sorbonne, where several of her relatives occupied chairs, was herself a characteristic representative of a family which for over a hundred years has been intellectually the most influential Protestant family in France.

In their apartment in the Latin quarter, with its atmosphere of good books, rare old prints, and rarer good company, we passed during the winter and spring perhaps the most keenly inter-

esting portion of our sojourn abroad. Having ample time to our credit, we were able to exorcise the demons of hurry, agitation, and intellectual avariciousness, and as calmly to plan our weekly routine of distraction and studies as though the various phases of the many-sided pulsing life of the French capital were so many delightful entertainments or university courses, to be taken advantage of by the fortunate strangers within her gates.

We put in many agreeable afternoons burrowing among the book stalls on the quays along the Seine for bargains in old editions, or prowling around the narrow streets of the older quarters of the city among its ancient landmarks. Often, on our way home from such excursions into the past, we stopped in to hear the latest intellectual sensation at the Sorbonne or some impassioned political discussion at the Chamber of Deputies by way of bringing the story of the nation up to date, and getting a glimpse of French history in the making. Occasionally, caught by some mighty wave of popular sentiment which lifted us above this atmosphere of academic calm and domestic tranquillity into the highly charged upper air of idealistic or patriotic passion, we would rush across the city to participate in one of those monster demonstrations which the excitable

Parisians are continually organizing to express their pent-up emotions on subjects of local, national, or world-wide significance.

The knowledge of the French language and of the Latin psychology which we had gained during our apprenticeship at Mentone, Florence, Geneva, and the other places along the road that led at last to Paris, gradually had prepared us for this more ambitious venture into the heart of French national life. Moreover, by devoting the greater part of our time and attention to the normal activities and higher interests of the city, as distinguished from its frivolous life of fashion or the vicious life of its underworld, we gradually began to catch something of *the Parisian point of view*. As a result we came to realize that France could not continue to hold her brilliant and long-established place in the intellectual world, and that the serious business of Paris and the Provinces could not be carried on, if Frenchmen were as superficial, as sensual, and as unstable as we, in common with the majority of foreigners who only know their surface life of fever and ferment, pleasure-seeking and dissipation, had formerly supposed them to be.

As our prejudices, preconceived notions, and natural limitations of insight slowly disappeared, it became increasingly apparent that as

"the cure for democracy is more democracy," so the cure for the smug, snap judgments of the Anglo-Saxon world as to the hopeless moral and material decadence of the Latin races is to be found in a more detailed, accurate, and sympathetic knowledge of the normal everyday life of the normal everyday people of the great Latin nations.

CHAPTER IV

THE BEST SIDE OF PARIS

In Paris the “usual thing” for tourists is a half-day at the Louvre gazing at masterpieces of painting and sculpture; five minutes at Napoleon’s tomb; a quarter of an hour at the Cathedral of Notre Dame; a like prodigality of time at the gallery of the Luxembourg and other stock “sights;” then off the women go to the Bon Marché and rival establishments to revel in bargains, and the men to the cafés, the theatres, the boulevards, the Moulin Rouge, and heaven knows where else, to acquire that polish which is warranted to transform a man into “a man of the world.”

What a travesty on travel! What boundless possibilities of culture and enjoyment are thus blindly neglected! If the thousands who yearly go on pilgrimages across the water to their shrines of fashion, æsthetic affectation, and indecency, would but open their eyes to the myriad really interesting objects to be seen on every side, they would come back with mind and heart full, not of ignorant servile idolatry

of foreign luxury and manners, but of suggestions for improving our own incomparable land.

The theatrical attractions of Paris are unrivalled and practically unlimited. For while Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Réjane, and Jane Hading can be seen in England, America, and indeed all over the world, only in Paris can be enjoyed the Théâtre Français and the Odéon, the two great national government-supported theatres of France, where one can revel in the study of French literature, ancient and modern, as interpreted by the world's most finished actors and actresses. At the Français every character, even to that of the meanest servant, is taken by one of the greatest artists of France, and at the Odéon during the winter months "classical matinees" are given for the presentation of masterpieces, each of which is preceded by a lecture on the play and its author by some celebrated critic. In no other country in the world is the study of literature thus illumined and made delightful by the combined genius of lecturer and actor.

Finally, as a supplement to the unrivalled feast of reason and flow of French which is so continuously offered at the better-class theatres, delightful courses of lectures are to be had at the University and other centers of learning on

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every phase and epoch of French literature, as well as on nearly every other conceivable subject. As a matter of fact, if in Paris one starts out with a view to partaking of all the intellectual and æsthetic "delicacies of the season," one is destined to a speedy disillusionment as to the extent of one's own capacity for receiving impressions, or as to the extent and variety of the mental and emotional provender that is prepared each week for a discriminating Parisian public. Among the more recently established teaching centers, one of the least fatiguing and most entertaining is the Université des Annales, much frequented by the *beau monde*. There every day during term time specialists on Greek art and philosophy, Roman history, French literature, radium, pernicious microbes, or what not, hold forth after the imitable fashion of the French *conferencier*, and not infrequently some of the "Immortals for Life" are persuaded to descend from the Olympian heights of the Academy for an hour's dissertation, illustrated by songs, recitations, or dances, by artists from the *Opéra Comique* or the *Français*.

To the student of French life and social conditions, perhaps the most unique and interesting theatre in Paris is the Théâtre Antoine, a strictly nineteenth century product. M. An-

toine, the creator, manager and star—or rather sun—of this theatre began life as an employee of a gas company. Without any previous training or experience he started the “Free Theatre,” which he conducted according to his own original and unheard-of ideas. He was strongly realistic, often brutally so, taking as his motto “Truth at any cost!” sometimes even going so far as to turn his back to the audience during whole acts. He simplified stage settings, entirely subordinating beauty and scenic effect to force and realism, and taught his own actors and actresses, many of whom like himself had had no previous professional training. In addition to this he staged a class of plays never before seen in France—plays taken from Zola, Tolstoy, Turgenev, and plays of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Bjornson, and of such modern French writers as Bernstein and Brieux, who are filled with the new sociological spirit of the age. Every one except a handful of personal friends saw failure written all over the enterprise; but by the sheer force of genius he scored a remarkable theatrical success which has revolutionized the methods and aims of the French theatre, and made of it a powerful civilizing force. He thus has given a vital impulse to modern serious sociological literature

and has brought powerfully before the minds and consciences of the great theatre-going public new and higher social ideals, which are helping to mould the future of France.

As a crowning recognition of his success, the French Government has placed M. Antoine at the head of the Odéon Theatre, where he is continuing his constructive work under more favorable auspices than ever before.

The French theatre, however, is but one of the many manifestations of that all-pervasive æsthetic spirit which makes art the most distinctive feature of French life. The École des Beaux Arts has long been rated as first among the world's art schools. The Louvre, which gives courses of study specially designed to interpret its infinitely rich and varied art collections, public lectures of a more popular nature, and a four years' course for students preparing to fill positions as curators, librarians, and traveling collectors for museums, is the most instructive as it is the greatest single art gallery in the world. The Luxembourg is a superb museum of contemporary painting and sculpture, while two salons each spring give to the world the best of the year's product of the studios of Paris. And in addition to all this there are numerous smaller galleries and public buildings, such as the Pantheon and Hotel

de Ville, which contain some of the most splendid creations of the modern French artistic imagination.

I was reared with a Puritanic, Tolstoyan inclination to regard most art as of the devil,—as something effeminate and enervating,—but when I came to see that art is power, I began to respect it. Discovering in the course of my sociological investigations that American manufacturers, while holding their own against English and German competitors, were making little or no headway in certain lines of industry against the French because of the superior artistic quality of French work, I was forced to admit the existence of an important and hitherto unrecognized factor in the problem. Manifestly, until our designers and workmen can rival the rare and beautiful effects which the French produce, we can never hope to compete with them in the markets of the world. Unquestionably, art should have a place, not only in public museums and galleries and in the drawing-rooms of the rich, but in the factory, on the farm and in the kitchen, for only as the artistic spirit permeates and beautifies all human products and all human life, is it performing its true function.

Without doubt an instinct for the beautiful is to be found in the French blood. The aver-

age shop girl is a born milliner and gets more artistic effect from the expenditure of a few francs than an American is apt to get at the cost of several times as many dollars. But this characteristic is only partly temperamental; to a very considerable extent it is a result of the æsthetically stimulating influence of French life and of a systematic artistic education. The French child learns to draw before he learns to write, and this training extends throughout his entire school life. For the benefit of apprentices and adults, evening classes in geometric and technical drawing, machine and architectural design, drawing from flowers, casts, and the nude, as well as classes in modeling and sculpture, are given in every ward in Paris. More advanced courses are given in the Municipal School of Decorative Art, while the government factories of Gobelin tapestries and of Sevres ware have superb art schools connected with them. Moreover, hardly any of the great provincial French towns is without its surprisingly rich art gallery and its own schools for general and applied art.

As a supplement to a personal investigation of this and other similar subjects, I found the "Musée Social" an invaluable institution. It was founded and heavily endowed by the Comte de Chambrun "for the purpose of supplying

reliable information concerning any institution which really succeeds in bettering the material or moral conditions of the working classes." It is not a teaching body like the London School of Economics, but it commissions students and writers in different parts of the world to carry on researches concerning important sociological problems. A monthly review is issued as well as a series of booklets embodying the results of these studies. A course of popular lectures is given each winter in the hall of the Musée, and a sociological library of 16,000 volumes, with reading-rooms supplied with the leading newspapers and magazines of the world, is free to all. This is by no means an ideal institution. It is open to criticism for sins both of omission and commission, but at least it has made a splendid beginning. A more virile, scholarly, and constructive institution of the sort will one day be established in our country to epitomize and popularize, supplement and stimulate the work of our present Bureau of Labor Statistics. When all the other nations have followed suit, another great step in the direction of civilization will have been taken, for statecraft at last will have made a start toward the attainment of a condition of at least semi-intelligence. A real science of politics will then be possible, inter-

national in its scope, scholarly in its methods, and lofty in its ideals.

Several of our most interesting evenings in Paris were spent at the "popular universities" where we heard lectures by Professor Charles Gide, the well-known economist, and Anatole France, the greatest living French man of letters. The French "conference" is a species of lecture which is entirely unique in its artistic beauty, subtle humor and sparkling wit. To my mind it is in some ways a higher form of art than the theatre.

The "popular university" movement is one of the most remarkable manifestations yet seen of the spirit of the twentieth century. At its different centers philosophy, economics, literature, natural science, hygiene, music, and art are taught to classes of grimy workingmen by the greatest artists, writers, and scholars of France. At bottom it is a religious movement, for scientific French agnosticism, in endeavoring to become constructive, is trying to develop a religion in the broad, humanitarian sense of that term. It has discovered that the cold truth of science is powerless except as warmed into life by the flame of a passionate altruism; that the scientific spirit and the Christ spirit are fundamentally and eternally necessary each to the other. The movement has spread very

rapidly, having a center in every ward in Paris and its environs, and not a few here and there in the provinces. It is an outcome of a recognition by the "intellectuals," the brains of France, that unless they understand and are understood by the brawn and sinew of the nation, they are abnormal, impractical and impotent; and of a recognition by the working-men that intelligence, when not prostituted to plutocratic, aristocratic, or clerical influences, is their best friend and co-worker in the great task of working out solutions for the grinding problems of civilization. A solidarity of interests is seen to extend through all classes of society except the predatory and parasitic ones.

This movement, like much that is best in French life today, was an outcome of the Dreyfus affair. This moral crisis through which France passed, and passed successfully, was of measureless value to the country. The struggle was so intense and the excitement rose to such a white heat that French thought and life were reduced to a state of chemical solution and when they re-crystallized, new forms, new alignments appeared, and a new and purified nation emerged. Of this transformation French politics furnished one of the most striking examples. Before the "affair," French political parties were a hopeless jumble of Progressiv-

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ists, Radicals, Radical Socialists, Revolutionary Socialists, plain and uncompromising Socialists, Allemanists, Guesdists, Blanquists, Nationalists, Anti-Semites, Ralliés, Revisionists, Royalists, Bonapartists, Clericalists and Independents. From this chaos emerged two confederations or groups. On one side were to be found those who believed in defending the free institutions which their fathers had died to found, and who believed in further progress. This included most of the Socialists and Radicals as well as those whom we would call the Conservatives. On the other side were the Bonapartists and Royalists, striving to overthrow religious freedom and non-sectarian education, and most of the "malefactors of great wealth," fighting all progress blindly on general principles.

I had the privilege of watching the first desperate battle between these rival hosts. It was the fiercest political contest that France had seen since the birth-throes of the present Republic. Although the reactionaries had an unlimited "slush fund," and bought every purchasable vote, prostituted every mercenary newspaper or magazine, and enlisted the services of every unprincipled spell-binder, they were so thoroughly beaten that friends of progress all over the world lifted up their voices in thanksgiving. It was one of the most splendid

victories for reform that the modern world had seen.

Some such political realignment is inevitable in America in the near future. Its coming cannot be materially hastened by anxiously zealous "reformers"; it cannot be stayed for long by all the predatory powers. Suddenly some day, a great and vital issue will arise, dwarfing into insignificance all the paltry interests and prejudices of existing parties, "machines" and political cliques. In a night the old partisan bonds will be loosed. Naturally and irresistibly the voters will range themselves anew into two "far flung battle lines," and the leaders who cannot adjust their creeds and ambitions to the changed conditions will be heedlessly brushed aside and forgotten.

When the issue is thus finally joined, when the genuine progressives of all parties stand shoulder to shoulder against the forces of reaction and the battle is at last fairly on, there can be but one outcome. The day of a real and triumphant American democracy will have dawned.

CHAPTER V

JEAN JAURES, PROPHET OF SOCIAL REDEMPTION¹

To the present generation of Frenchmen, Jean Jaures, the inspiring leader of the French Parliamentary Socialists, has become a sort of national institution like the Opera or Théâtre Français. All classes of Frenchmen, even those who are most bitterly opposed to his principles, recognize him as constituting one of the glories of the present epoch. This attitude reminds one of that of many of their contemporaries towards the saints of the Middle Ages. While comparatively few people paid any serious attention to the doctrines of poverty, chastity, and unselfish devotion of St. Francis or St. Dominic, even the richest, the most sensual and selfish of their fellow citizens were inordinately proud of having a genuine saint in their midst.

In pleasure-loving Paris M. Jaures lives as simply as a Charles Wagner and as strenuously as a Roosevelt. As a matter of fact, he is more passionately, self-sacrificingly devoted to

¹ Assassinated at Paris, July 31, 1914.

his ideals than are most of the professional religious zealots of today, while he does a greater amount of exhausting intellectual labor than any other man in French public life.

The very diversity of his gifts has caused many, even among his friends and admirers, to misunderstand the real secret of his ever-increasing influence. The fact that he is a sort of living magnetic battery with a sonorous voice and a facile tongue has given a multitude of people the entirely erroneous impression that he has risen to eminence chiefly through the possession of these gifts. The facts of the case, however, are that among contemporary French statesmen there are few, if any, whose speeches and writings bear evidence of so much original thought or of so wide a range of scholarship as do those of M. Jaures. As a public speaker unquestionably he is a consummate artist, but beneath the charm of the artist are ever to be found the philosophic grasp of the profound thinker and the solid scientific competence of the indefatigable student.

He is the founder and chief editorial writer of "L'Humanité," the French Socialist daily paper, as well as the author of several books, including a voluminous history of the French Revolution. At the Chamber of Deputies not only is he the recognized leader and oratorical

sword arm of the "unified" Socialist group, but for a decade during all great national crises he has been the unvanquishable champion of progressive Republicanism in its heroic struggle against the combined forces of Clericalism, Reaction and Monarchy. During the late radical Combes ministry he several times saved the Cabinet from certain defeat by his unanswerable arguments in defence of the policy of the government, and his inspiring appeals to the better judgment, patriotism, and the sense of cohesion of the various elements comprising the "Bloc." As an expounder and interpreter of the constructive ideals of French Republicanism he has had no equal during the life of the present Republic.

On January 24, 1910, during the discussion of the perennial question of "lay schools," after M. Dommergue, the Minister of Public Instruction, had defended the government position at great length but with indifferent success, and after M. Barrés, the brilliant Academician, had made an adroit, scholarly, and sparkling defence of the clerical theory of authoritative and traditional education, M. Jaurès arose and delivered an extemporaneous reply which, for breadth of view, scholarship, eloquence and dialectical skill, was universally recognized as a masterpiece. His interpreta-

tion of the concrete, constructive ideals of the advocates of "lay education" was at once incomparable, unanswerable, and final. Even his bitterest enemies among the deputies, as well as such conservative newspapers as the London *Times*, admitted that such a discourse could have been pronounced only by a man combining the best qualities of the professor of philosophy, the man of letters, and the practised statesman.

If I were to single out any one faculty of M. Jaures which more than any other gives him his easy intellectual mastery in French parliamentary debate, it would be his rare faculty of insight. It is not his personal magnetism, nor that subtle literary charm by which he has won the title of "the poet of the Chamber," nor yet his profound and many-sided erudition, but his ability to see further and to see more clearly than do any of his contemporaries, which enables him so frequently to snatch victory from defeat and bring order out of the mental chaos resulting from a long, tiresome and confusing discussion.

If only M. Jaures could see his way to cut loose from his present official connection with the fanatical or revolutionary wing of the Socialist party and throw himself whole-heartedly into his true work as the prophet of

modern constructive democracy, it seems probable that France might again take a leading position among the nations of the world in the working out of those complex social, intellectual, and moral problems which are a common source of anxiety and bewilderment to all civilized nations.

It was a great loss to France when, on account of the banishment of M. Millerand from the communion of orthodox socialists, he and M. Jaures no longer were permitted to collaborate in the intimate and effective old-time way. They complemented each other. But M. Millerand, without the coöperation and inspiration of M. Jaures, now works at the disadvantage of having lost somewhat of his moral enthusiasm and spiritual impetus. And, on the other hand, M. Jaures, not being by nature an organizer, administrator, or man of affairs, but rather a seer, a thinker, and a quickener of other men's souls, never since has been quite as splendidly effective as he was when, working in harmonious coöperation with M. Millerand and other strong men of diverse talents, he assumed the moral leadership of France by becoming the inspirer and interpreter of the political and social ideals of the Republican "Bloc." Of recent years, moreover, he has had to work at the fatal disadvantage of

being held in constant restraint by the narrow class prejudices, outgrown economic dogmas, and supposed political necessities of the "unified" Socialists. In his more recent Parliamentary efforts one frequently can see how his genius is being hampered and held down by the invisible but none the less galling chains which bind him to a petrified social theory and an antiquated political method. It is true his influence on the Socialist party has been powerful and altogether for the good, but it is equally true that its influence upon him has been quite as powerful and, temporarily at least, by no means wholly for the good.

M. Jaures is by temperament a prophet; and his power, not only in France and upon his generation but throughout the world and upon succeeding generations, would be infinitely greater if he could be content to be a prophet, a voice crying in the wilderness if necessary, rather than the recognized chief of a political group which aspires to public place and power. Had he been willing to palliate and compromise, to "recognize the inevitable" and have recourse to the "expedient," unquestionably he could have been Prime Minister of France years ago. But he saw clearly the tragic futility of attempting to lead a majority that was too short sighted, cowardly and selfish ever to

be made into a really effective instrument of social reconstruction. It is all the more strange, therefore, that he should fail to realize that even at the head of a Socialist ministry and supported by a Socialist majority, he would be similarly, though not equally handicapped by the mental and moral limitations of his supporters. Undoubtedly partisan narrowness is not as deplorable as moral blindness, and class fanaticism is less reprehensible than moral cowardice, but why voluntarily limit oneself to a futile choice between unnecessary evils? The truth is becoming every day more and more manifest that there is not sufficient moral dignity, spiritual vision, and altruistic enthusiasm in any one class or political party to save civilization from toxic poisoning and make possible the ushering in of a new and nobler form of social order.

M. Jaures unmistakably is a man of vision, but if he were to an equal extent a man of faith, if he could but come to realize the limitless power of the ideal to lift men out of and above the cramping confines of party and class and the sodden atmosphere of self, he would refuse any longer "to give to a faction what was meant for mankind," and regardless of immediate political results, would speak his vi-

sion, his whole vision, and nothing but his vision to *whosoever* had ears to hear and a mind to understand.

I am very far from maintaining that to M. Jaures or to any one else has been or ever will be vouchsafed a vision of "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" concerning the detailed plans and specifications of the ideal future state. It seems highly improbable that any man will again be permitted to descend from Sinai with the laws and institutions required by his own and future generations accurately worked out, dove-tailed and properly inscribed on tablets of stone. And yet if, as Mill says, "all political revolutions not affected by foreign conquest originate in moral revolutions," then is the work of the prophet or social architect more creative and vital than that of any mere legislator or executive ruler. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that the world counts its steps onward and up the difficult steeps of progress, not by the number it can boast of astute political leaders or of men of blood and iron, but by the number of prophetic, seminal minds it has been vouchsafed. Lesser men can be found to formulate and carry out ingenious "policies of realization," to translate into laws and institutions the architectonic

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visions of the social seer, but their work is chiefly selective and adaptive; his alone is creative and fundamental.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the souls of the millions were enchanted and led captive by the ideal of human liberty. Generation after generation of men poured out their treasure and their blood to realize for themselves and for their children this God-sent vision. But now that this vision has become a reality, we, "the heirs of all the ages," apparently have settled down to a selfish and sodden pursuit of material comfort. No new impulse has come to ruffle the calm and commonplace surface of our souls with a divine dissatisfaction and to lure us on to higher and more dangerous enterprises. No voice today speaks for the Ideal with the compelling eloquence of a new and necessary revelation. That our liberty is but a means to nobler ends has indeed been divined by a few dreamers, but so far their faltering and uncertain accents have fallen on heavy ears.

Before our generation can be fired with the faith and fervor for a new crusade, there must appear in our midst that rare phenomenon, a creative mind, a man to whom it shall be given to find the truth which can harmonize seeming antagonisms, to restate the conditions of life

in the light of a higher social synthesis, and to indicate to this generation the steps of progress which are necessary as well for the preservation of the treasures of the past as for the realization of the sublimer possibilities of the future. Great advocates always can be found for great principles; the people are never slow to join in a crusade where wisdom and heroism lead the van. Organizers of power spring up in the heart of every great movement. Therefore grant us but the inspiration and guidance of one adequate thinker and another step in the evolution of the race is assured.

CHAPTER VI

AN APOSTLE OF LIGHT

For the past few years French thought and life have been profoundly influenced by a handful of men — writers, teachers and statesmen, one of the most interesting of whom is Monsieur Charles Seignobos — “ Professeur Titulaire ” of history at the Sorbonne. Though only fifty-three years of age, Professor Seignobos already is regarded as a moral and intellectual leader by a host of young writers, teachers and politicians in all parts of the world. Like most famous Frenchmen, and a number of great men of other nationalities, he is small in stature, being a little under five feet five inches high. But what he lacks in size, he makes up in the quality and power of his personality. On my first visit to him I recognized that he was a brilliant man, and as I learned to know him better I discovered that, in spite of his brusquerie and impetuosity, he was also one of the most lovable of men.

In some ages a man like M. Seignobos might have gone into the army, and in others into the

church, but it is typical of the peculiar present-day conditions of modern France that this man, who is the spiritual and intellectual descendant of all that was most heroic, self-sacrificing and efficient in the France of Louis XIV, felt drawn irresistibly toward a professorial career.

During the lifetime of the present Republic, the French army has been relegated to a position of secondary importance in the national life. For to men of insight, whose view has not been distorted by an unreasoning passion for vengeance against Germany, it has become steadily more apparent that in the last analysis, the salvation of France does not depend primarily upon the strength of her military organization. Moreover, since the advent of the agnostic spirit, in the train of the "great revolution" at the close of the eighteenth century, the call of the church — Protestant or Catholic — has met with little response from French social idealists and humanitarians.

Politics has made a strong appeal to a number of modern knights errant, such as Clemenceau, Briand and Jaures, but while Professor Seignobos has felt keenly the power of this appeal, he nevertheless has recognized that what France needs most is light rather than heat, guidance rather than organization, and that a temporary patchwork of political reform is

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vastly less important than a solid scientific understanding of all the factors in the case. He believes that the only power able to combat successfully the forces of ignorance, intolerance and tyranny is the power of the university and the school. Consequently, into the great work of education he has thrown himself with the ardor of a soldier and the devotion of an apostle.

American newspapers and magazines furnish their readers with a certain amount of information concerning the political and artistic progress of France, but up to the present time they have published extremely little about the extraordinary transformation which has taken place in its educational system during the latter half of the nineteenth century. At the birth of the present French Republic, the government was confronted by two problems; the first, that of transforming a mass of church school graduates into a corps of lay teachers; and the second, that of forming a stable and satisfactory republic out of a nation split up into warring factions, such as the Bonapartists, Orleanists, Royalists, Clericals, Anti-Semites, Nationalists, Radicals, Radical Socialists, Guesdists and Blanquists, devoid of the tolerance, patience and confidence in free institutions which are essential to the success of a democratic form of gov-

ernment. These problems which had proved baffling to the statesmen of the First and Second Republics, probably would have proven equally so to the statesmen of the present régime, had they not been assisted in their task by a corps of able, devoted and enthusiastic educators. Owing to the splendid efforts of these men, however, France of recent years has made greater headway against illiteracy than any other European nation. In 1872 the number of her recruits who could neither read nor write was 19.13 per cent.; by 1890 this percentage had fallen one-half and by 1905 it had been reduced to 4.83.

All that politicians and statesmen can do is to give expression in laws and institutions to the intellectual and spiritual progress which already has been made by the individual citizens of a country. But the work of the educator, in that it forms and reforms the individual units of society, is creative and fundamental. Hence it is that the growing stability and power of the present French Republic is due more largely than is generally understood to such scholars as Ferry, Pecaut, Buisson, Seailles and Seignobos.

Professor Seignobos is chiefly known in America by his "Political History of Europe since 1814," a work which was translated by Professor S. M. McVane of Harvard a few

years ago, and which almost immediately acquired the wide popularity it so richly merited. But while he has chosen the nineteenth century as his special field, Professor Seignobos has an encyclopædic knowledge of the history of all periods. His "*Histoire Narrative et Descriptive des Anciens Peuples de l'Orient*," "*Le Régime Feodal en Bourgogne*," "*Histoire de la Grèce*," "*Histoire du Peuple Romain*" in three volumes, and his "*Histoire de Civilisation*" in two volumes are evidences of his unflagging industry and insatiable mental curiosity. Recently he has been engaged on a continuation of the monumental history of France which Professor Lavisse brought down to the end of the eighteenth century.

An example of the versatility of the man is to be found in his recent series of ancient, mediæval and modern school histories, in seven volumes, which appeared a few years ago under the general title of "*Cours d'Histoire*." I asked him why he had turned aside from his original research work to engage in this species of compilation, which already had been done so many times before and which so many historians were qualified to do again. The answer he gave was characteristic of the man and of his conception of his mission.

"Nothing is more important," he said, "than

that children should be given from the start the best and truest presentation of history that can be written. A child's first impressions are its most lasting ones, and no work has ever given me more pleasure than this attempt to aid in starting the school children of France along the straight and narrow path of historical verity."

M. Seignobos has never been married, but his home, a few doors from that of ex-President Loubet, in the heart of the Latin Quarter, is presided over by Madame Marillier, a great-granddaughter of Madame Roland, and one of the most charming and youthful of women in spite of her seventy-three years. After the little Wednesday night dinners to which he always invites a few kindred spirits among the "intellectuels" in Paris, a number of other interesting people — writers, artists, students and politicians — drop in to imbibe a cup of ten o'clock tea and to indulge in that art which is almost extinct elsewhere, and is becoming rare even in France — the stimulating if evanescent art of conversation. I was interested to hear a Chicago University professor remark that this salon of Professor Seignobos and Madame Marillier was the only real "salon" left in Paris, and I was even more interested in M. Seignobos' reply when I repeated this remark

to him. "Ours is not," he said, "a typical French salon. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a salon was chiefly a place where people congregated to see and be seen, to hear and say clever things. The people who met at these places did not necessarily have anything in common except their vanity — which is the dominant sentiment in French polite society. We have merely a reunion of friends who come together for the purpose not of impressing each other, but of exchanging ideas, stimulating their ethical emotions and gratifying their intellectual and social instincts."

The dinner preceding the soiree, while entirely unpretentious, is fit for an epicure. Later in the evening when the coffee and tea have worked their work of stimulating to its highest pitch that extremely susceptible substance, the French brain, the Professor often is to be seen standing in a corner (literally not figuratively, for I have never seen him cornered in an argument) squaring himself against the wall, while around him an excited group converses, disputes and laughs in the same breath. Sometimes his voice rises higher and higher in the excitement of debate until it almost reaches a shout — when Madame Marillier, quite accustomed to these scenes, though never entirely reconciled to their noisy climaxes, looks over and in a

deprecatory way says, "Charles, Charles, what is it now?"

Professor Seignobos is an American enthusiast; so much so in fact that he is almost equally enthusiastic about our past, our present, and our future. No one is better aware than he of our deficiencies, but with that sense of perspective which has enabled him to become one of the greatest of living historians he sees that our weaknesses in the main are incidental, whereas our virtues and our inherent but as yet undeveloped capacities for good are both vital and fundamental. One night, during the winter of 1904, while discussing the future of America, after a long and eulogistic statement on his part as to our marvelous possibilities, some one asked:

"But what about the corruption in American politics? Is not that a poison in the blood which is likely to pollute and finally corrupt the entire social organism?"

"No," he replied, "I think not."

"But are you aware," pursued his questioner, "that in America not only municipal councils, state legislatures and the national Congress are influenced by indirect if not by direct bribery; not only is the scum of the cities bought up like cattle on election days, but in recent years even the supposedly incorruptible yeomanry, the farmers of

the land, have been known to sell their votes in large numbers?"

"And why not?" he replied; "why shouldn't they? So far as I know for a quarter of a century there has been practically no choice between your two great parties; there has been no issue before the American people that was worthy of their serious consideration and in behalf of which any one had the right to call upon them to make sacrifices. In the interested political squabbles between different sections of the country and between those special interests which for so long have dominated both of your two great parties, I don't know that it has made five dollars' worth of difference to the average man, whether one set of political incompetents and mercenaries came into power or another. But make no mistake, when in the course of time, a real issue of vital importance, involving some fundamental moral principle, is brought before the American people, you will no more be able to buy them, or fool them in regard to that issue, than you can tamper with the movements of the tides."

On the principle that a skilful selection of guests is as necessary to the success of an evening as is the choice of proper combinations in food, one night we arranged a little dinner with M. Seignobos and M. Paul Sabatier, author of

the "Life of Saint Francis" as the conversational *pièces de résistance*. Of course Madame Marillier was there — the "little mother" as she is lovingly called by a host of friends — gracious and gentle, like wine of some rare vintage mellowed with the years, bringing to this feast of the present a certain fine flavor and fragrance out of the past. We also invited a young Belgian artist, an enthusiast fresh from a triumph in the Salon; an American beauty, a cross between a Botticelli and a Gibson girl, added for purely decorative purposes; an unobtrusive Parisian man of scholarly tastes with a gift for quiet appreciation of others; Professor de L—— from the Lycée with his spirituelle young American wife; and Dr. K——, a well-known Protestant clergyman, whom we counted on to add a dash of theological brimstone to the conversation.

At dinner, as we had hoped, M. Seignobos and M. Sabatier took charge of the table talk, which turned upon the then paramount question in France, the separation of church and state. M. Seignobos represents the best elements of French agnosticism, while M. Sabatier stands for the liberal element in both Protestantism and Catholicism. Sparks flew in every direction, and even Dr. K——, by his self-satisfied way of giving utterance to worn-out religious

formulæ, all unwittingly arose to the occasion and played the part which had been assigned to him.

The faces of M. Seignobos and M. Sabatier as they talked, were as expressive as their words, while their shoulders, after the manner of the French, were almost as eloquent as their tongues. I was impressed afresh with M. Sabatier's lion-like head and strangely luminous eyes. Although sure of his own ground, he shows always such an exquisite deference for others that one is apt involuntarily to throw up one's hands, unable to resist the charm of his rarely winning personality.

With M. Seignobos, however, it is different; he does not take you instantly by storm; rather his brusque manner of riding rough-shod over your opinions and prejudices *en route* to the conclusion of his argument, which he often thunders out in a voice raised above all disputing voices, is apt at first to rouse opposition and to put every one on the defensive. His most striking mental characteristic is a wonderful lucidity of both thought and expression, a scientific precision of reasoning that goes straight as a cannon-ball to its mark, and is as merciless to anything in its path. His conversation at times is like a two-edged sword. He reminds one of some mediæval knight slashing a way for him-

self across the enemy's camp — a veritable conversational d'Artagnan.

M. Sabatier was leaving for Rome that night, so he excused himself at once after dinner. When he had gone the conversation became more general, though it still followed for a time the line of religious discussion which the dinner talk had given it. The fact was significant to me that among these Frenchmen, only one of whom was an avowed Christian and most of whom were agnostics, the question of religion should yet have been the one which called out the expression of their deepest feelings. As M. Sabatier once said, a remark which has been so widely quoted because it is so universally true, "Man is incurably religious." What better witness is there to the truth of that statement, I thought, than was to be found in this evening's religious discussion by these free-thinking Frenchmen.

In a five minutes' monologue, which took the form of an answer to a question from the Lycée Professor, M. Seignobos traced the entire history of Christendom, from its beginning until now. As in a lightning flash, epoch after epoch passed before us, with kaleidoscopic swiftness and clearness, while, with the sure instinct of a master, he noted as well the determining factors in the history of other world-religions — the

Mohammedan, the Egyptian, the Buddhist and the Confucian.

Dr. K—— in his conversation with M. Seignobos made the mistake of not attempting to find common ground and lost no opportunity to quibble over terms. This attitude so irritated M. Seignobos that at times he made some rather exaggerated statements, apparently in the vain effort to shake the man out of his self-satisfaction, and cause him, if possible, to look facts straight in the face without the interposition of the theological dogmas of his particular denomination.

"The Christian religion," he thundered, "was founded on fear and the devil." Dr. K—— threw up his hands in dumb horror too indignant for response, but the American wife of the Lycée professor nettled by this outburst sprang into the breach. "I can't agree with you in that," she said. "It's not the devil driving from below, it's the God drawing from above that makes real Christians, that impels rather than compels men to follow their highest. It's the very same spirit that is working in you, 'the anonymous God,' as Wagner puts it, who is inspiring you to devote your life to your ideals." Then turning to Madame Marillier, she added, "Why is it, I wonder, that in France to-day there are so

many men like that — all unconscious of the God within them who is yet their secret strength?"

"When religion becomes a state affair," continued M. Seignobos, "it is always a failure. There is no life in it; it is dead. These dead religions do not appeal to me except as historical specimens. It is life that interests me."

"You say that life appeals to you — what about the soul-life? the life of St. Francis, for instance? I asked tentatively, hoping to get at his real belief, and thinking instinctively of M. Sabatier and his wonderful delineation of the spirit of the "little, poor man of Assisi."

"Few things interest me more," responded M. Seignobos quickly; "that is just my point; St. Francis' religion was not a religion of external authority any more than that which Madame de L—— champions. It was vital because it was an inside affair."

"You have defined Christianity exactly," exclaimed Madame de L——, "and almost in the words of its Founder, 'the Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' Real religion can never be imposed from without. Only shams are put off and on like overcoats."

"I agree with you," he replied; "far be it from me to offer any objection to that brand of Christianity; but," he added quickly, "I fear

neither Protestant nor Catholic orthodox churches will tolerate your broad conception of religion, or receive you into their folds."

It was Madame de L——'s chance now to take definite issue with Dr. K——'s attitude, which had exasperated her no less than it had M. Seignobos, probably because of the narrow-minded way in which he had attempted to defend what she felt so passionately was, after all, their common faith. "What does it matter if the churches refuse me if only God accepts?" she answered with an exultant ring in her voice that made M. Seignobos clap his hands.

"*Tout à fait* American that," he said, laughing; "another Declaration of Independence. But there are in the Protestant as well as in the Roman Catholic church two essentially different categories of believers — those whose religious life is based on a real and vital personal experience, and those whose so-called religious life is based on the external authority of a book or a church organization."

At this point the artist broke into the conversation. "It seems to me," he observed, "that people in general fall by nature into one or the other of the two classes you mention — those who in the very nature of things must see for themselves and have their opinions first-hand, and those who have all their convictions

handed down to them ready-made. For example, we all know the two types of sight-seers that one meets in every picture-gallery in Europe; those who follow blindly in the footsteps of Baedeker without ever attempting to consider a picture on its own merits."

"Yes, we all know that type," M. Seignobos groaned, while the American beauty wore the constrained look of one who is being photographed.

"And that other type," the artist continued, "of those few who by using their own initiative and their own æsthetic sense get all the zest and thrill of a vital personal experience."

"And doesn't this analogy make clear," interposed Madame de L——, "that the real line of cleavage is not between Christian and agnostic but between the bigot, whether he be Christian or agnostic on the one hand, and, on the other, the sincere seeker after truth?"

"In other words," replied M. Seignobos, "we are all agreed that 'nothing is intolerable except intolerance.'"

"We have so many ideals in common that the gulf which divides us isn't as abysmal after all as it sometimes seems," she exclaimed, with a smile that included M. Seignobos and Dr. K—— in its appeal.

"Certainly not," responded M. Seignobos,

turning genially toward Dr. K——, " My house in l'Ardiche is occupied and has been for years free of rent by one of your colleagues, the pastor of the Protestant church there. Perhaps you know him," he continued cordially, " the Pastor R——, *un tres brave homme.*"

The whole atmosphere of the place seemed to change suddenly from a condition of intense heat to one of congenial warmth and good cheer, as when in an overheated room a window is suddenly thrown open. The courageous spirit of independence and deep spirituality of Madame de L—— had somehow come in upon the heat of debate, introducing into this highly charged French atmosphere a whiff of that free invigorating air from across the sea, which is the purifying breath of our national life. Even the American beauty felt the sudden change in the psychic atmosphere. " Then you are not an atheist after all," she breathed, evidently much relieved at her discovery, while all joined in the laugh that followed M. Seignobos' witty disclaimer.

Although Dr. K—— smiled at the time, later on his old prejudices reasserted themselves, and as he was leaving he remarked with a note of genuine sadness in his voice: " What a pity it is that so brilliant a mind as that of M. Seignobos should be so woefully perverted."

As Professor de L—— and his wife had come into the vestibule in time to catch this parting shot I gave them the benefit of the response which I had with difficulty refrained from making to Dr. K——. “Isn’t it a shame,” I said, paraphrasing the doctor’s remark, “that so good a man should be so narrow, so incapable of rating at its true religious value the spirit of devotion to his ideals of this high-minded student whose intellect, developed at the expense of his emotions, unfortunately prevents him from accepting anything on faith in heaven above or on the earth beneath.”

Professor de L——, who during the evening had let his wife be spokesman for the family, now roused himself. “It’s a curious fact,” he said, “and one which Dr. K—— and many others might be inclined to dispute; but among the French agnostics whom I happen to know, such as Clemenceau, Jaures, Anatole France, Seailles and others—men who are considered by many Americans as the open and blatant enemies of all things religious and spiritual, hardly one is to be found who would not agree with M. Seignobos in welcoming with open mind every manifestation of real goodness and vital spirituality.”

“The heart of the man is pure gold,” interrupted his wife. “To-night when he was argu-

ing so fiercely with Dr. K——, Madame Marillier said to me, ‘His bark is so much worse than his bite. In all these long years of our acquaintance, since he was my dead son’s best friend at the University, I have never known of his doing an unkind act, and I am sure he is incapable of thinking a mean thought.’ ”

“Do you know,” I replied, “the picture of him to-night, helping Madame Marillier down the steps, tucking her arm under his so gently, and saying in his big gruff voice, ‘Take care, Little Mother, don’t slip,’ was typical to me of the work he is trying to do for France to-day. These are the words he is speaking to the Mother Republic whose steps he with others is trying to guide past the pitfalls and traps that are set by her enemies, into a path that is safe for her feet.”

CHAPTER VII

CHARLES WAGNER

A SOCIAL MYSTIC

Tired out from a feverish day's work in Paris, one sultry afternoon I wandered into the Louvre, seeking an escape from that atmosphere of weariness and sordidness which sometimes hangs like a pall over a great city. As I dropped listlessly into a seat in one of the modern French rooms a landscape by Corot caught my eye, and I suddenly became conscious of a new and serener world, of green pastures by still waters and trees bending low; of the mystery of night about to fall, and of a sunset which seemed like God's word of peace to His tired earth. As wine enters one's veins, or love one's heart, the spirit of all-enveloping calm that pervaded the picture passed into my soul, and I felt refreshed and renewed. Corot had shared with me a vision that had come to him in his communion with nature, and made me feel for myself something of the possibilities of such communion.

A few days later, on hearing Charles Wagner, I was impressed with the fact that his preaching contains something of the same subtle quality that permeates Corot's painting. While the one reveals the possible harmony between man and nature, the other reveals the possible harmony between man and nature's God. Dr. Lyman Abbott once drew a distinction between the function of the poet who expresses his vision for the pure joy of expressing it, regardless of the effect on the men to whom it may come, and that of the prophet who, because of a definite spiritual purpose, is impelled to share his vision with his fellow men.

While Charles Wagner has much of the poet in him, he is above all a prophet, having powerfully developed what Herbert Spencer calls "the religious consciousness which is concerned with that which lies beyond the world of sense." His vision has to do with those great spiritual realities which are the background of all life. Above the babel of earth's voices he is forever hearing God calling to man, and like some eternal echo of deep calling unto deep, that answering cry of the human soul which will not be satisfied with anything less than God. To show how this craving after the Divine, which is the highest instinct of the human, may be satisfied, how ordinary men and women may

enter into a real and vital communion with Deity and get strength and uplift from such communion — this is Wagner's mission.

About twenty-seven years ago Charles Wagner, an unknown country pastor, following the example of practically all great Frenchmen brought up in the provinces, turned first his thoughts and then his footsteps towards Paris in order to gain a new intellectual stimulus and a more sympathetic hearing in this city which, since the middle ages, like a huge magnet has gathered to itself all the characteristic elements of French life. With his young wife he began Paris life in a very modest way, living in a three-room apartment in a poor street near the Bastille, working hard at the University through the week and supplying an occasional pulpit on Sundays. But the ardent young preacher, burning to speak his message, soon found all orthodox pulpits closed to him. Not daunted by this cold reception of his ideas where he had hoped they would be best understood and appreciated, he established under the auspices of the liberal Protestant church a small Sunday-school in the Bastille neighborhood. This Sunday-school was the germ of his first church and later of the large new church which he calls "The Home of the Soul."¹

¹ "The Home of the Soul," a translation of Wagner's ser-

Although most of the people in the vicinity of his mission were descendants of the first "apostles of reason," and had as their heritage a contempt for all forms of religion, the man and his message gradually found a way past all barriers of prejudice and superstition into their hearts. It is characteristic of the tact and good sense of the young preacher that he did not arouse unnecessary hostility to his message by laying undue emphasis on the fact that while often discarding "the letter," it embodied all that was most vital in the spirit of the old dogmas. That was his answer later, however, to those agnostics known in France as *libres penseurs* who denied that anything of value for men of today could be extracted from the creeds and faiths of yesterday. It was his response likewise to the orthodox who challenged his methods, questioning whether the power of religion could still exist if its forms were changed. But the fact that "the letter" has played so decreasingly small a part in his preaching has not tended to reinstate him in favor with the Paris synod. Strange as it may seem to his friends in America, where he was received with open arms by evangelical people everywhere, only one pulpit in Paris, mons with an introduction by Lyman Abbott, has been published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

that of the Oratoire, is today open to him.

But M. Wagner, like all strong men, has made the most not only of his opportunities but also of his obstacles. He has not always been able to brush these aside, but in the end he has usually succeeded in dominating them and in utilizing them for his own purposes. Thus the refusal on the part of orthodox circles to recognize him merely resulted in forcing him to build up an independent organization in accordance with his own conception of what a church should be and do and stand for.

As his church is a departure in many ways from the typical modern church, so his idea of the duties of a pastor differs from the prevailing idea that he should be a sort of spiritual maid of all work for his parish, bound to devote himself almost exclusively to the exacting and often unimportant details of a parochial charge. Having refused to submit to this form of pastoral slavery which is considered by many congregations to be a divinely ordered institution, he has kept himself free to bend a part of his energies to the great work outside the church to which he feels called. His custom of preaching only twice each month might be assigned as one of the chief reasons why his sermons when he does preach are so spontaneous and full of power, retaining as they do all

the original strength and essence of thought and feeling that necessarily would have been largely forfeited had they been diluted to meet the demands ordinarily made upon Protestant clergymen. By thus limiting his output of sermons, he also has secured leisure for the writing of those books which have gone into all the world, preaching his simple gospel.

The way he practises in every detail of his own church this gospel of simplicity was strikingly borne in on me several years ago when I entered his "Salle" in the Rue Arquebusiers. It was almost bare except for the chairs that were crowded into every available space in a vain effort to accommodate the people who stood patiently in the aisles, lined the steps on each side of the pulpit, or overflowed into the pastor's small study behind. A few days after hearing him preach I had the pleasure of meeting him for the first time. His memories of the enthusiastic reception accorded him in "the States" were still green and bore fruit of the utmost cordiality in his treatment of Americans. While speaking of his great desire for a new church he explained that, although a large sum for a site had been promised him by some American friends on condition that he should raise an equal sum for the build-

ing, he would much prefer to use that amount in securing a cheaper lot in the same poor quarter of Paris and erecting on it a simple edifice large enough to hold his ever-increasing audiences — since he had no time to raise money for a costly church.

This ambition at last has been realized, and his new church,² which has been dedicated lately in the Bastille neighborhood, has a seating capacity four times as large as the old hall. Connected with it in the same building is a sort of social service annex, a "centre of activity for all volunteers of good will, the hive where we work close to the solitude where we pray," as Monsieur Wagner puts it.

In spite of the title "Pastor Wagner" by which the world knows him, and notwithstanding the fact that his passion to give personal help to men and women in their individual religious needs has led him to organize and carry forward so enthusiastically his Paris church, looking at his life as a whole one is inclined to lay quite as much stress on the active part he has taken as a French citizen as on his more distinctly clerical work. He has never allowed himself to become absorbed exclusively

² This church cost over \$60,000, of which sum a little less than one-fourth was contributed by Americans.

in the professional side of his mission, and is fond of reminding his hearers that Christ was a layman, not a priest.

"Down with religion," is the cry of great numbers of people in France to-day. It is the cry of blasphemous and ignorant men,—enemies of morality and order who would like to choke all spiritual life out of the nation for the mere satisfaction of seeing a God of love they are too base to appreciate supplanted by a Goddess of Reason they are too feeble to understand. It is a cry which is joined in by certain really spiritually minded *libres penseurs*, who feel forced by their very religious instincts to call themselves irreligious; men who deny, as Buisson says, the "God of theology" in order the better to possess what they are pleased to call the "interior God of the conscience." When this cry is ringing out so loud in France that it is heard the world over, and men are wondering what the religious fate of the nation will be, it may interest M. Wagner's American friends who know him chiefly as a writer and a preacher, to learn something of Wagner, the French citizen, trying to help solve the problems and work out the destiny of his own people.

There are two characteristics of Charles

Wagner which make him peculiarly fitted to be of service to France now: First of all, he is a man of faith. "He at least believes in soul; he is very sure of God." At a time when the fierce waves of materialism and of superstition alike seem to be threatening the foundations of her spiritual life, France has need of men who stand for the great essentials of religious truth and who have power to communicate to others that profound faith in the reality of the life of the spirit which in all ages has been the saving faith of men and of nations. Secondly, he is a man of tolerance. There is a type of easy-going tolerance which is due largely to a lack of any vital religious convictions, but it is just because Charles Wagner's religious convictions are the expression of his deepest being, the outgrowth of his profound experience of life,— just because, in a word, his faith is so deep,— that he is reverently tolerant toward the differing belief or even the sincere disbelief of other souls who are honestly seeking the truth as he himself has sought it. And France to-day has a profound need of men of tolerance, for one of the chief obstacles to her normal development is the spirit of intolerance that pervades all her parties, religious and political. As some one has said, her religious men are too often inclined to regard the *libres penseurs* as

rascals, while the *libres penseurs* in turn are too apt to treat the men who believe in God as imbeciles.

In the midst of one crowd of fanatics claiming to have in science a monopoly of absolute truth and another crowd of fanatics claiming to have in revelation a like monopoly, Charles Wagner, with rare sanity, recognizes that no monopoly of truth is ever possible for any age or for any creed, since by God's law of evolution new truth forever is being added to old truth as it is revealed in the laboratory of the chemist and in the souls of the pure in heart.

Among the many invaluable services which he has rendered to his generation is one with which his name is not ordinarily associated. More than twenty-five years ago he helped to organize a certain "Fraternal Aid Society," whose purpose was to draw into closer sympathy and fellowship with each other brain workers and manual laborers. This comparatively insignificant society was the germ of that remarkable institution, the "Popular University," developed later by M. Wagner and his associates, which has had such a wide and increasingly potent influence on the moral and intellectual life of the non-churchgoing laborers of the French capital.

Some of the most interesting meetings I at-

tended in Paris were held under the auspices of the "*Université Populaire*" in the poorer quarters of the city where such men as Anatole France, Prof. Seailles, Ferdinand Buisson, Chas. Seignobos, and other intellectual lights of France were conducting inspiring evening classes for working men.

While virtually concerned in all the problems, industrial and social as well as moral and religious, that his country has to solve, his interest in education, from the work of primary schools on up through the normal schools, has always been one of the most absorbing of his busy life. He is in close touch with hundreds of teachers all over France and for many years has contributed a weekly article on morals to one of the leading French school journals. Since the publication of "Youth"—that trumpet call to the young people of the nation—his passionate appeal to them has always been to make of their lives the channels through which strength and virtue and honor might flow in to purify and uplift the nation—in a word, to save France through themselves.

Several years ago the intellectual atmosphere among the liberal elements in Paris was considerably clarified by the appearance of a little volume containing a series of open letters addressed to each other by M. Wagner and M.

Ferdinand Buisson. M. Buisson is one of the ablest among contemporary French thinkers, an educational authority, and one of the leaders of what might be termed for want of a better name the religious agnostics — men whose lives are dominated by a passionate idealism and who follow the far off vision of an abstract goodness and love, all unconscious of the God within them who is yet their secret strength.

The object of these letters was to show how much common ground really does exist, in spite of their different phraseology, between these *libres penseurs*, who are religious at heart, and those professedly religious men whose religion is based not on external authority, either Catholic or Protestant, but on the witness of the spirit within their own souls.

While the discussion demonstrated that these two classes of men have numerous points of agreement, it also revealed a marked lack of agreement between them as to the value of existing religious forms and organizations. Whereas the *libres penseurs* for the most part hold that the only hope of a free and spontaneous ethical development in France in the future lies in a complete uprooting of all existing religious dogmas and organizations, M. Wagner takes a more conservative view.

" You say that you wish," writes M. Buisson, " to find again under the thick covering of superstition the human foundation of the gospel. Commence, then, by frankly proclaiming that you will keep nothing of all the traditional wrappings, nothing of miracles, nothing of dogma, nothing of the sacraments — nothing of all this borrowed religion which stifles the true."

" In that case," replies M. Wagner, " we should not be liberal protestants, religious independents, but nihilists and iconoclasts. Our work is a work of criticism, of judgment, of choice, and not a vast policy of destruction. To make a clean sweep of all that recalls the past,— would that be to disentangle the true from the borrowed religion? Would it not be rather to reject pell mell the good and the bad? If the roots are pulled up and all religion is done away with now, where will we get the seed for the other harvest? No! We cannot afford to lose one bit of the good that humanity has garnered. We men — Protestants of the advance guard, pioneers of the future — do not wish to sacrifice any conquest of the grand past of our race. Our task is to wash away the dross, but do not ask us at the same time to cast away the old pure gold of our traditions."

But Charles Wagner is not content with sim-

ply bringing into closer spiritual sympathy men who consciously or unconsciously have the witness in their own lives of the power of the Unseen. He would harness all such spiritual energy to practical ends, believing it important not only to "hitch wagons to stars," but to hitch stars to wagons. Being a child of this age, he realizes with Swedenborg that "all religion has relation to life;" that, while *a man may be essentially religious and yet remain unconscious of the God within him*, "the anonymous God," as he puts it, *a man cannot possibly be really religious and yet remain oblivious to suffering men and women about him*. In accordance with this idea, some fifteen years ago M. Wagner, together with M. Paul Des Jardins, founded "The Union for Moral Action," an organization in which he sought to bring together in practical work devoted men among agnostics, Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, who, while differing most widely in their ideas about divinity, have yet that "spirit of genuine piety which gives them a very tender human respect for the value of every man," and inspires them to common efforts in behalf of their fellows. This spirit of piety M. Wagner rates at its true religious value, whether he finds it within or without the church, but he considers as worse than blasphemy the profes-

sions of those churchmen whose love for God does not find expression in some sort of energetic and adequate social service.

When one realizes how large a part of his time is taken up with secular activities, how broad-minded is his fellowship with men of all manner of belief and unbelief, how alive he is to the necessity of establishing the reign of social justice on earth and of ministering to the imperative material needs of men, how open he is to new truth, how impatient of all those traditional theological fetters that would interfere with the freedom of the individual spirit, one is apt to question whether he may not have sacrificed depth of spirituality to breadth of intellectual vision, whether the practical side of his nature may not overshadow the mystical side, and his love for man be a more dominant force in his life than his love for God,—whether, in short, his religion does not bear more the image of the earthly than of the heavenly. To all questions such as these one who has any understanding of the secret springs of action in Charles Wagner's life would find himself obliged to give an unequivocal "No!"

While undoubtedly laying the chief emphasis on the spirit of a man's life rather than on the letter of his belief, M. Wagner's policy can in no sense be interpreted as a mere letting-down

of the traditional bars, a proclamation that either good impulses, good deeds or any amount of scientific or theological knowledge can take the place of a vital religious faith. Listening to him, one instinctively feels that he speaks with that authority which comes primarily from an intimate and vital experience of the truth he preaches, or rather of the life he seeks to communicate, for his chief effort seems to be not so much to convince the intelligence as to awaken the spiritual nature to a consciousness of God, and to bring it into a state of receptivity to those divine influences that play upon the soul. He is a mystic, but a mystic whose passion it is to translate his vision into the practical language of to-day.³

He likes to call himself "The Apostle to the Outsiders," and seems to have a special message for those who, in place of any settled religious conviction, have only a vague sense of their souls' need for some spiritual food, a discontent with the stones that have been offered them by science or superstition when they have cried out for the bread of life. In the crowds that throng to hear him may be found, together with Catholic professors from the Lycees and Protestant pastors who come to gain fresh inspiration for their own work, Russian Jews and

³ See Appendix "A."

young artists from the Latin quarter, groups of students from the Sorbonne, men and women of the world and men and women who are outcasts from the world,— oppressed by a yearning they cannot understand and a longing they cannot express — all drawn to this man who speaks to them “in the name of the inner voice.”

In his preaching there is no hint of that headlong zeal which rushes in upon some holy of holies and ruthlessly breaks the bruised reed that a human soul has leaned on. No smoking flax that has illumined though ever so faintly the darkness for some fellow creature will be quenched by his too zealous effort to fan it into sudden flame. In a spirit of reverence toward whatever has helped to lighten man's spiritual darkness, a reverence that is founded on the memory of those days when he himself was struggling toward the light, he makes his appeal to those vast deeps of spiritual emotion which lie below the surface at the heart of mankind. He would help men see God not primarily by the light of any outside authority, but by the light which shines in their own souls — that “light which never was on sea or land,” which no astronomer's compass can discover, which no theology can imprison, but which is divinely sent to lighten every man that cometh into the

world. While he would go as far as the scientist in his search for truth, he would go still farther, believing that religion alone can offer, in exchange for what science has contributed to the sum of human knowledge, that spiritual impulse without which life reverts to the purely scientific conception of a "cold and impotent aggregation of purposeless happenings." Drawing a sharp distinction between that "modest science which, recognizing its limitations affirms only what it knows, and the pretensions of that ignorance which would substitute itself for faith," he declares his conviction that "incalculable and irreparable loss would result if we suffered the richness of symbols and of ancient beliefs interpreted by the soul to be replaced by the mere products of rationalism alone or even by the most far-reaching results of positive knowledge."

Positive knowledge has its limits. The realm of known facts has its boundary lines. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" is the word to which science and the human intellect must bow; but faith, that intuitive force of the soul, feels its way past the barriers that would shut it in or bar it out from the unknown. As the wings of a bird furnish it with the mysterious power of flight which is one of the daily miracles that science is powerless to explain, so

faith furnishes the human spirit with those wings on which in hours of suffering and temptation it rises above itself into a realm of peace which passes man's understanding, of love which passes his knowledge. In every age has blossomed the tree of human knowledge, but its most perfect fruit, grafted on it by the divinity within us and about us, has always been that faith in the Unseen which has made in very truth for the "healing of the nations."

To ignore the sublime part that faith has played in shaping human destinies is to ignore the tremendous force of those laws of our inner natures, or our subconscious selves, of whose mysterious workings science has as yet only the faintest suspicion, but which control what we call spiritual life as unerringly as natural laws control physical life.

Charles Wagner feels that those people suffer an immense personal loss who, missing the uplift that comes from a vital sense of the divine Presence, are thus cheated out of that inner kingdom of peace that is theirs by divine right of their souls.

"What shall we say," he cries, "to those who suffer, to those who weep, to those who die? Do you think you can give courage to the brokenhearted by telling them that some centuries hence humanity will perhaps be a little less mis-

erable? No, that is not sufficient. They need to be shown a touch of blue in their sky. Until you can teach men to sing a new song, they will still need to be comforted by the old song of infinite hope. The more man reasons, the more, in those hours of suffering when mystery engulfs and torments him, will he grow homesick for what we call faith."

APPENDIX "A"

WAGNER'S DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES ENUNCIATED AT THE DEDICATION OF HIS NEW CHURCH

Resolved to preserve amongst us the force which a living religion gives, we have associated ourselves together to cultivate an ideal of life conformable to the practical needs and to the mentality of the time.

We would not let anything be lost of the treasures of the past, nor neglect any of the new acquisitions. Persuaded that in the Spirit of Christ are found garnered the purest lights and most salutary powers of the soul, we consider it the one base on which a society can be built. We make it the corner-stone of our association. We call unto us all who are willing to try to live in this spirit, and we greet them as brothers, whatever be the difference in our doctrines.

Leaving to each the freedom of his faith, and to God alone the judging of hearts, we respect and encourage individual convictions as the best guarantees of progress in the truth, and we ask for unity, not to a uniform creed, but to the free consent of all good will directed toward the same end.

CHAPTER VIII

USES AND ABUSES OF ITALIAN TRAVEL

The reading public is growing somewhat restive under the ever-increasing output of rhapsodies on Italy by professional litterateurs and artists. The world of these gifted creatures is so little our world and their language so unlike our language that we sometimes find ourselves wondering whether or not they are sincere, whether all the words they marshal so skilfully represent definite realities or are used merely to produce certain desirable literary effects.

What that is real and valuable has Italy to give to the average man, to the artistically uninitiated, to those of us who are neither professionally enthusiastic over such matters nor constitutionally liable to those emotions which we are told we ought to feel?

To the average traveler, who in a few short months toils painfully and ignorantly through the galleries of Europe, there comes little but a weariness to the flesh and a drying of the

bones. There is no sadder sight even in Italy than to watch a horde of exhausted fellow-countrymen spending time, money, and splendid American nervous force at this comparatively valueless, pleasureless, and soulless grind. Perhaps the greatest benefit to be derived from such a trip is the sloughing off of that sense of inferiority which some of us are feeble enough to feel until we can say to ourselves: "At last, I have seen and touched the wonders of the world!"

It is contended, and with much force, that one's first trip abroad is well spent in getting a bird's-eye view of Europe. But the qualifying fact should not be overlooked that the less a traveler tries to crowd into such a trip, the more he is likely to get out of it. How infinitely better to receive a few distinct, delightful impressions than a blurred phantasmagoria of as nearly as possible everything that can be hurriedly scanned in a half dozen European countries! Moreover, while virtually every one can be interested in London and amused in Paris, in the words of George William Curtis, "I begin to suspect that a man must have Italy and Greece in his heart and mind if he would see them with his eyes."

Upon entering Italy every traveler is confronted by a question on his answer to which

depends in large measure the success or failure of his trip. That question is, "What are you willing to omit?" Not in a lifetime can he see everything, and if his stay be limited to a few short months, he must be discriminating during those months or disappointed at the end of them. The most rational plan, therefore, would seem to be to devote approximately half the allotted time to one city in order to learn to know at least one small region intimately. With the insight into Italian life thus gained, the rest of the country ought to prove an open book which can be glanced through, even hurriedly, with both delight and profit.

Of course, when it comes to deciding which city shall thus be studied at leisure and made the key to the rest of Italy, one can only say, as did Schopenhauer when told that the Jews were God's favorite race, "Tastes differ." Venice rising from the sea clad in mystery and beauty, Venice with her unrivalled school of colorists, truly is a name to conjure with. On the other hand, from the standpoint of universal history, present-day politics, and comparative art, Rome's advantages are incomparable. And then there is Florence, the home of Giotto and Dante, of Petrarch and Boccaccio, of Savonarola and Michael Angelo; Florence, whose language, history, and art are more truly and

consistently Italian than those of any other centre of Italian life — Florence, the “Athens of Italy.” Undoubtedly, it is to Florence one should go to find the most intimate and characteristic expression of the soul of Italy.

On arriving in Florence one is apt at first to be not so much inspired as dazzled and bewildered by the art treasures on all sides. Every church, hospital, orphanage, monastery, or municipal building is crowded with priceless frescoes and adorned with inimitable creations in marble and bronze. On every crumbling wall or ceiling, where to the early Italian or Renaissance artists had been given a few square yards of available space, one is amazed to find the history of Israel, the life of St. Francis, or an entire system of philosophy presented with a dramatic power, an emotional intensity, and a beauty of coloring which make a direct appeal to the depths of one’s being. As a rule, however, during the first few days this appeal touches no responsive chord in the majority of people. The ideas expressed and the mental attitude involved belong to a bygone age. Before the average man can come to have any real and proper appreciation of Mark Twain’s “squint-eyed Madonnas,” those primitive yet quaintly charming creations of the Byzantine and early Sienese schools, or even of the poetic

productions of the Renaissance, he must rebuild in his imagination the mental world of those romantic epochs. This can be done most agreeably by devoting one's hours of leisure to the perusal of the annals of old Florence, the legends of her saints, the tales of her warriors and statesmen, the wild, bohemian lives of her artists, the marvelous history of her workmen guilds, the endless discussions of her various schools of philosophy, the "divine" and human comedies of her poets, and the story of the life and death of her reformer-prophet, Savonarola.

The most valuable guidebook as a supplement to Baedeker is that of the late Grant Allen. Mr. Allen had a sound historical sense and a contagious love of the beautiful. It is easy to forgive and overlook his pet foible — the desire to identify all the saints in every picture. As a handbook, Kugler's "Italian Schools of Painting," having no competitors, is a necessary evil. But travelers today are particularly fortunate in possessing the illuminating little series of volumes, "Italian Painters of the Renaissance," by Bernhard Berenson. His books are of value in that they help one to understand the æsthetic significance of pictures and to enjoy their artistic beauties.

Lastly, there is Ruskin, the poet-pioneer in the study of Italian art. In spite of the small minds who rail at him because, coming before the development of modern scientific connoisseurship, his writings are full of technical errors, any one who voluntarily goes through Italy without the benefit of the flood of light he sheds on Italian art is on a par with a man who shuts his eyes to the light of day because there are spots on the sun.

With these writers and numerous lesser lights available for cicerones, as well as highly competent art lecturers who are more interesting and stimulating to the novice than any books can be, it is difficult to understand the willingness of so many travelers to limit themselves to the prosaic, not to say archaic, guidance of Baedeker. Unquestionably, the omnipresent, if not omniscient, Baedeker makes an invaluable servant, but I can affirm from experience that he is a worse than mediocre master. To his myriad disciples, however, on all matters from a knotty question in history to a judgment on art he is consulted as a final authority, and his asterisks are their guiding stars. Taking their mechanical way through the galleries, wearily checking off the numbers of the masterpieces, where he says, "let there be light,"

and puts two stars, there they pause and admire, and where he puts no stars darkness reigns for them.

A more serious blunder, however, than that of these conscientious "star-gazers" is made by sightseers who, in their efforts to take a short cut to culture and see galleries wholesale, deliver themselves up body and soul into the hands of the misinformation dispensers commonly called guides — those blind leaders of the blind for whom yawns the inevitable pit.

The hordes of these misguiding creatures who haunt the museums, churches, and galleries of Europe are made up for the most part of the refuse of the more difficult or more crowded professions — disabled day-laborers, hotel-waiters out of a job, retired cab-drivers, or other unfortunates, who live not by their wits but by the traveling public's lack of wits.

I once heard of a guide provided by a well-known tourist company at Paris who after having conducted a party two-thirds through one of the rooms at the Louvre, explaining about every fifth picture as he went, suddenly stopped, consulted some notes and said, "I beg pardon, you'll please retrace your steps — I've — er — made a slight mistake — I've explained the wrong side of the room."

One afternoon, after a six months' stay in Florence, seizing the opportunity to rescue a friend from the clutches of a guide, I poured into his ears all my newly-acquired information. In brief outline I traced the slow development of Florentine art from the grotesque imitations of the stiff Byzantine up to the marvels of Michael Angelo, illustrating each step with the masterpieces of its epoch. It was amusing to see his look of sullen boredom and confused fatigue gradually giving way to manifestations of surprise, and finally of actual enjoyment. From the monstrous caricatures of the earliest Italian artists to the "Cimabue Madonna" at the Church of Santa Maria Novella evidently was a great stride, but the advent of Giotto was more; it was a revolution. His work marked the commencement of unimitative Italian art. Next, in the supremely brilliant and tragically short career of Masaccio came the dawn of the Florentine scientific school, with its steady development in the work of his successors, Paolo Uccello, Verrocchio, Castagno, Veneziano, Baldovinetti and Botticelli, and its maturity and consummate flower in the matchless creations of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo.

After a somewhat careful examination of these great masters, we went back to enjoy the

charming products of Fra Angelico, the Lippis, Benozzo Gozzoli, and others whose works, though full of gladness and subtle witchery, differ from those of the first-named in not constituting necessary links in the development of the Florentine school. While the story of this development is as simple as a nursery tale, it is many times more full of interest and value than are the accounts of wars, murders and intrigues which form the warp and woof of so much meaningless "history." This record reveals the human soul searching, struggling, and slowly achieving a fuller and more beautiful expression of its deepest emotions and loftiest aspirations.

The statement, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," is one which seems to come automatically to the lips of the uninitiated traveler on finding himself in the embarrassing situation of being called upon to discuss pictures with an artist or an art critic. These knowing creatures dread this little prefatory remark as much as a sea captain does that equally abused query of passengers: "Captain, how many times have you crossed?"

The story is related of a famous Scotch artist who, on hearing this artistic credo for about the hundredth time, said to the charming lady

who had last offended: "Dinna say thot,
Ma'am! Dinna say thot — the beasts o' the
field ken as mooch!"

Nevertheless, whatever professionals may say to the contrary, the attitude involved in this hackneyed phrase, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like," is the only rational attitude for a beginner. It is a form of that mental honesty without which any real intellectual, spiritual, or æsthetic development is an utter impossibility. If one has even bad taste to start with and will work honestly, that taste can be cultivated. If, on the other hand, one merely goes into "mechanical raptures over known masterpieces," he can remain a lifetime in Italy and memorize the names of all the great artists, together with the points of beauty of all the great pictures, without ever feeling a thrill of genuine æsthetic delight or receiving the slightest emotional uplift. The only possibility for real growth lies in being true to the highest that is in us, however low that may be. Therefore, the best advice that can be given a novice is, if Carlo Dolci's work is more beautiful to you than that of Botticelli, say so. Do not, however, stop at that; study the criticism of the world's great experts; try to look at Botticelli and Raphael and Michael Angelo from the standpoint of these critics; try

to see the world of beauty they see and feel the emotional stimulus they feel. Eventually in this way you are certain to succeed in perceiving the beauties to which your nature is capable of becoming responsive. Study Carlo Dolci and Guido Reni also from the point of view of the critic, and it is probable that soon their shortcomings will become apparent. By knowing and enjoying without shame what you really like, yet ever striving to learn to like the best, and in no other way under heaven, is the development of your æsthetic nature possible.

While I was standing one day before Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," one of the most beautiful creations of the human imagination, a young American tourist and his wife came in. After a moment's inspection of the picture, the young woman made some remark about the "shameless" nude figure of Venus, whereupon they turned on their heels and stalked out. I could scarcely believe my senses. They had totally overlooked all the positive qualities of the picture. The fascinating expression of Renaissance feeling, of moral yearning, the stimulating movement of the figures and the marvelous decorative effect of color and line were totally lost on them. One thing and one alone they saw — the purely negative point that one of the figures had no clothes on.

Their conception of art was on a par with that far too common conception of religion which holds up as a model the man who does not murder, nor commit adultery, nor steal illegally, nor get drunk, nor smoke, nor read the Sunday papers. Many of us, unfortunately, have forgotten the fine virile religion of David, who committed all these crimes except the last, yet was called "a man after God's own heart"—because his aim was always pure and high and his repentance sincere when he fell, and because of his dominant positive qualities of courage, heroism, and self-sacrifice. In a virile art or a virile religion the positive qualities always assume a supreme importance. Both are in their decadence when the voice of the critic rises above that of the artist.

Here the question arises: After one has studied and enjoyed Italian art for a few months, what of it? Will a young man become a better and more successful citizen, a young girl a better wife and mother, for having seen and loved and partly understood this bewitching expression of the soul of these past centuries? Will not such study put one out of sympathy with American life? Is it not something foreign to our spirit, and injurious in its influence? Perhaps an analogy will throw light on this question. Why do men who never intend to

make any possible practical use of higher mathematics, logic or experimental physics, devote years of study to them and to kindred subjects at the university? Because such studies develop the powers of the mind, forming those mental habits of exactness and consecutiveness of thought without which any sustained intellectual power is impossible. Such studies permeate and transform one's mental life — imparting gradually and unconsciously the scientific spirit and method. Just so the fine arts, when truly loved and studied, saturate and transfuse one's entire personality, awake within one and gradually develop the æsthetic and emotional nature, and give to one's thoughts and work a new potency — the pervasive and persuasive sense of artistic feeling. When once this sense sometimes called taste, this feeling for beauty, is developed in a human soul, life is no longer the same; it has a new charm and power of fundamental importance. This development in one's nature, like the development in the mind of the scientific spirit or the awakening in the soul of the spiritual nature, henceforth manifests itself, of necessity, in every manifestation of that personality. If one be a writer, it will gradually suffuse his work with a new and subtle power. If one be a farmer, it will transform his surroundings more and

more into habitations worthy of a human being. If one be an artisan, it will seek expression in work that rises above the ugly and commonplace. If one be a wife and mother, it will give to the home an attractiveness, a restfulness, a domestic charm, the value of which can scarcely be overestimated. In this way, far from unfitting one for life in America, it can but give to those who have really felt its influence a new and mysterious force which, as it permeates more and more our national life, must dignify and exalt it.

Here it must be acknowledged that some people on returning home from a trip abroad proceed at once to show their artistic attainments by carping at everything American and ostentatiously writhing in supersensitive horror at our art, industry, and life in general. It is their misfortune that travel has developed in them not a sensitiveness to see and enjoy whatever is most picturesque and beautiful about them, but an abnormal ability to search out and suffer from everything that is crude or ugly. Their education has been entirely negative, their development has been one-sided and ludicrous. This is not through any fault of Europe. These same people have doubtless read the Bible and heard it expounded with the very similar result — that they have arrived at a re-

ligious state of exaggerated and sanctimonious compunction over the sins of their neighbors. They look at everything in a shallow, egoistic way which makes it impossible for them to appreciate or imbibe the spirit which animates all great art — the spirit of truth and goodness expressed in terms of beauty.

One fact of peculiar significance to Americans stands out large and luminous in the lives and work of all the great masters of Italy — *the fact that supreme greatness is incompatible with hurry and fret.* It took Orcagna ten years to make the incomparable marble canopy in the church of Or San Michele, and it took Ghiberti twenty-one years to make the gates of the Baptistry at Florence, which Michael Angelo declared fit to be the “gates of Paradise.” These men demanded only a living and a chance to do their best work, but that gave them immortality. The highest work never has been and never will be done by men who do their work primarily for the money they can get out of it rather than for the message they can breathe into it. Men whose time is too valuable to work and work over their conceptions and wait for a new inspiration must turn out hack-work, a loveless, unnatural product of hand and brain which, however perfect in technique, is yet a monstrosity. None but mes-

sages from the heart have ever touched and inspired the hearts of men.

One other thing we can learn from Europe, which unfortunately Europe has not yet learned for herself, and that is the uselessness and utter absurdity of seeking lasting satisfaction or happiness in even the highest æsthetic delights, except as infused into and made a part of one's serious duties and labors as a human being. Beauty is the expression of one's love for his work. What we love we instinctively adorn. A decoration is an embodied caress. But no art can replace ethical purpose, no skill can sanctify a selfish or impure impulse. The center and core of life is a love for truth, and goodness, and for that beauty which is their radiant garment. Art exercises an influence which is beneficent and can be replaced by nothing else; but when, as among the believers in "art for art's sake," the attempt is made to make of art a religion, it would be disgusting if it were not so ridiculous; and yet one can hardly say it is ridiculous, it is so supremely pitiful.

CHAPTER IX

A REVISED VERSION OF VENICE

On the train going to Venice our compartment was occupied by a heterogeneous company of tourists thrown into a juxtaposition which typified curiously enough the contrast that existed between their differing points of view.

A couple of college girls bubbling over with enthusiasm and scarcely able to wait for their first ecstatic glimpse of Venice were seated opposite two English women who were exhausted and blasé from the strain of six months' indiscriminate sightseeing, while a pleasant, matter-of-fact looking American business man, who had got separated from his Cook's party and whose one idea of travel seemed to be to "do" a city or a country as fast as possible and "be done with it," was discussing his methods of sightseeing with a plodding German tourist intent on seeing the whole of Italy with a microscope. My vis-a-vis was a well-known art professor in one of our girls' colleges, who had a habit of saturating herself afresh every year

with the spirit of her favorite old Venetian masters. Here, also, was contrast, for I had seen Venice only once before, and that in such a fleeting and cursory manner that Titian, Tintoret, and Georgione were merely so many names to me.

In the gondola which the American business man, the two college girls, and myself took for the hotel, where we all happened to be booked, I remarked casually that my husband had proposed to me in Venice to the accompaniment of that same Santa Lucia which came floating up to us from a group of musicians nearby. "I don't blame him," one of the girls replied with crushing candor, as she caught her first glimpse of the minarets of San Marco. "A man isn't responsible for what he does here. There is something irresistible about this mixture of music and moonlight."

Venice was at her best that night, and as we glided along the Grand Canal past the shining palaces that rose out of the water to greet us, all our preconceived notions and prejudices, all our differing points of view, were forgotten, and we yielded to the spell of the place as to some law of nature. Indeed, for the moment it seemed but a part of the natural order of things — to be sped over moonlit waters by a gondolier who might have been a grand opera

singer, to a hotel which had once been in fact the home of a doge. Even our Cook's tourist seemed to feel that he was no longer in the dreary world of sightseeing but in a land of enchantment, and I found myself wondering if the cultivated ennui of the much-traveled English ladies would be able to survive the shock of this dazzling vision of Venice.

Ever since my first visit, when Cupid so banded my eyes that the city of Desdemona served only as a background for my own romance, I had been looking forward to this opportunity to come back soberly, put on a pair of prosaic spectacles and see Venice according to the best lights that have been lit for modern tourists. To this end I had brought with me a number of books to help unlock for me the city's treasures. Ruskin I had selected for the old school of art and for the spiritual insight he gives; Berenson for the new school, with its scientific method and philosophic treatment; Grant Allen for his splendid grasp of the development of Venetian art; Kugler's "Italian Schools of Painting" for reference; Taine and Gautier for French sidelights they cast, and Mrs. Oliphant for bits of ancient gossip to deepen local colors.

The third night after our arrival the art teacher dined with the college girls and myself,

and I recall her lament that with the wealth of suggestive books at hand so many tourists should yet be content to follow Baedeker's stars as their guiding stars, and by thus limiting themselves to second-hand impressions, lose all the zest of a real personal experience. Warming up to her subject, she went on to compare travelers who substitute Baedeker's word for the witness of their own hearts with those persons in the religious world whose convictions are all borrowed, and whose adherence is to a belief based on some outside authority rather than to a faith founded on their own experience. Just as she was concluding, our matter-of-fact compatriot paused on his way out of the dining-room and announced complacently that he was off for Rome the next day. He had actually covered most of the ground mapped out by Baedeker for a four-days' trip, and I confess that the accurate and business-like way in which he had disposed of about three-fourths of the sights compelled a certain admiration even on the part of the art teacher. At the same time, by serving as a concrete illustration of the point she had just made, his example encouraged me in my resolve not to attempt to swallow Venice whole, but, on the contrary, to try taking my art as I take my food—slowly, with a tendency toward "Fletcherizing."

The next morning, on my way to the church of St. John and St. Paul I looked up the little bas-relief of St. George killing the dragon which Ruskin cites as "the topmost example of the sculpture art of Venice," but which on my previous visit I had not considered worth my attention. In the square before the church, coming suddenly on the Colleoni monument, probably the noblest equestrian statue in the world, I had a guilty recollection of having accorded it formerly only a passing glance. "Think of it," I said to myself reproachfully, "Verrocchio, Leonardo's master, put years of his life and the very essence of his genius into the design of this statue, and I, having come some thousands of miles presumably to see the best that Italy had to show, merely stood for a second or two staring at the horse's tail, without having the curiosity or taking the time to go around the statue and see the rider's face!"

With a mental apology to Verrocchio, Colleoni, and Italy, I crossed the square to the Church where so many knights and doges lie buried, and where in tracing the rise and decline of the art of monumental sculpture in Venice one gets such interesting sidelights on the lives and characters of the Venetians. First I examined the early Gothic tomb of a fourteenth-century knight with his arms folded

and his sword by his side, sleeping the sleep of death. Above, under Gothic niches, Mark and Peter, patron saints of Venice and of the knight, stood guard over the dead, while two saintly little personages bearing censers gazed tenderly at the central figure of the Madonna, holding aloft that little child born in Bethlehem who had opened up the way of life. It was a peaceful scene, and one could imagine that for this soldier saint, with his sword in its scabbard and the emblems of his faith about him, death had no terrors.

I then passed on to some later tombs of the early Renaissance, where the designs were more elaborate and the angels were more perfectly carved, but which still breathed the same spirit of love the artist had in his work and of faith in the truth he was representing. In the work of the later Renaissance, however, with its increased boastfulness of design and faultlessness of execution, one has the feeling that the artists were beginning to care so much more for the fame of setting up a statue than for the joy of making it or for the truth they were expressing by it that the soul of the work was lost. They made more ornate things, it is true, more perfect things from a purely technical standpoint, but never after such wholly beautiful things. As Ruskin says, "In old times men used their

powers of painting to show the objects of faith; in later times they used the objects of faith that they might show their powers of painting." Thus the Magdalen in whom the earlier artists and sculptors had seen a woman who loved much because she had been much forgiven, and who came with her most precious ointment to anoint her Saviour's feet, became for the artists of the Renaissance an excuse to paint a voluptuous woman with only her empty bottle of ointment to help one divine who she is.

The earlier warriors who lay themselves down so serenely in the sleep of death are succeeded in a later age by warriors impatient of that sleep. These will have none of the trappings of death about them; they ignore the very nature of the tomb. The angel of the Annunciation and the shrinking Madonna make way for classical subjects—Hercules, with the Lion and the Hydra and groups of bombastic Virtues—Virtues which unfortunately were as conspicuously absent in the lives of the later Venetians as they are flauntingly present on their tombs. No longer content to lie down in their sleep, these knights stand upright on their tombs; in later sculptures they even mount their horses and brandish their swords, riding over their own ashes, as it were, defying death.

Ah! it seems to me the earlier artists were nearer the truth; better far, they thought, when death comes, submit to it like a man, lie down and sleep and trust God for the waking, since all the prancing horses and gilded trappings and brandished swords cannot make death any the less real or solemn or inevitable.

From the early part of the seventeenth century the way of Venetian sculpture seemed all down hill — to judge from the examples of florid eighteenth-century work that flaunt themselves in this church — coarse, overgrown angels, like ballet girls, drawing heavy curtains from gaudy tombs that revealed a perfect menagerie of lions, genii, winged Mercuries, over-dressed dogearesses and under-dressed nymphs in profusion and confusion.

From the tombs I turned to the pictures and lingered before the wistfully beautiful group by Lorenzo Lotto, "St. Antonius Giving Alms." Painting toward the close of that first period of the Renaissance, which symbolized youth with its joy in the beauty of life and its radiant self-sufficiency, Lotto shadowed forth in his art the period of maturity, when, with some of youth's visions faded, some illusions gone, man begins to feel the need of a greater strength than his own, and there comes a reaching out after the faith of his childhood which

his youth had thought it could put away. In this picture one feels the new human impulse of the time, a yearning after something higher than man's highest, a hint that perhaps, after all, to help suffering in others is the best way to lighten one's own, and that the lost path back to God may lie through service of one's fellows.

On our way home we stopped for a few minutes to look at the sculptured angels above the door of the "furniture store," formerly St. Theodore's Scuolo, which Ruskin takes as one of the texts for his arraignment of the kind of modern sculpture that stretches every muscle for show and has ceased to reverence faith, hope, and love, either as emblems on its tombs or as realities in its life. People smile at some of Ruskin's excesses of sarcasm, but with these illustrations close at hand it hardly seems possible for any one to ignore the great gulf which stretches between the works of those whose ruling passion is fame and fortune at any cost, and those who follow the inner light, who

" . . . work for the joy of the working,
Each in his separate star;
Drawing the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are."

Fame inevitably comes to, or rather, as is

oftener the case, follows after the real artist, who must have genius of soul as well as of intellect; but the fame is not his concern, and if he makes it his concern, the best part of his work, the soul of it, that alone which is capable of immortality, is lost. Everywhere it is true that only he who loses his life shall find it, only he who loses all ruling thought of fame shall in the end attain it. This is the lesson one learns in contrasting the academic pictures of Ghirlandaio and Guido Reni with the works of Fra Angelico, who painted on his knees, and the early pictures of Raphael before, spoiled by adulation, he lost his vision. The first artists sacrificed the highest in them to at least a lower, and their fame, such as it is, was bought with a part of their soul. The fame of the others is as the afterglow of their soul's achievement — the glory that lingers in the heavens when the sun has set.

That evening I read Browning's analysis of Andrea Del Sarto, he whom men called the "faultless painter," who yet fell so far short of his highest — that place "side by side with Agnolo"— a genius who had his vision but not the courage of his vision. Genius is not given to many, but to each man is vouchsafed a vision. The star that of old led the wise men still shines for souls today, and to every man that comes

into the world there is given an inner light by which he may discern his highest. Stars differ from each other in glory and mountains in height, and one man's highest is higher than another's, but the secret of each man's highest is between himself and God. To fall short of that highest is to make the great refusal, the only possible failure.

On my first visit to Venice I would have disdained to spend a whole morning on one church and a few stray pictures, as it had never occurred to me up to that time to distinguish between the relative values of the comparatively little one might see with some intelligent appreciation, and the immense quantity one might see in a slipshod way.

On my return home from that trip, the discovery that a friend who had never been abroad had yet a much more intimate knowledge of Italy than I, made me realize how much better it may be, after all, "to be able to appreciate beautiful things and not have them, than to have them and not be able to appreciate them." Gradually it dawned on me that the same truth applies to Italy in particular as to life in general — what you take out depends largely on what you put in.

The fact of having worn out a certain amount of shoe leather in European art galleries does

not necessarily imply that one has gained any culture thereby. Not infrequently it happens, as witness the case of my travel-stained self and my untraveled friend, that a person by studying at home the art of Italy, and through her art those ideals which have moulded her history and been the guiding genius of her people, may catch something of the spirit of the old masters into his life and thus learn the secret of Italy's heart, which is hid from many who have only seen her face.

Having a luncheon engagement with the art teacher and the two college girls, I had just time before the appointed hour for a ride down the Grand Canal which Gautier says "is an immense gallery open to the sky, where from the depths of a gondola one can study the art of seven or eight centuries — the Byzantine, the Saracen, the Lombard, the Gothic, the Roman, the Greek, and even the Rococo — the massive pillar and the slender column, the pointed arch and the rounded arch, the whimsical capital full of birds and flowers come from Acre or Jaffa, and the Greek Capital found in the ruins of Athens."

Here one may dream of that far-off day when Venice was queen of the sea, and the nations of the earth brought as tribute their gold, frankincense, and myrrh — all the glory of

Greek form and Oriental color, of Roman strength and Gothic grace, which she wrought into her dwellings before, like the ancient city of Babylon, she "was consumed in her palace among the nations."

Some one has called the Grand Canal the real "book of gold" of Venice, "where all the Venetian nobility have signed their names upon a monumental façade." Most of these ancient names have faded, but others have been added not unworthy to replace them — Browning, Wagner, Ruskin, Byron, and many others whose genius or whose talents make them more notable than the vast majority of the Venetian nobility.

But even in the early days her nobles were not the only citizens who shed luster on Venice, for the Bellinis were of a humble peasant family, Tintoret was the son of a dyer, and one faded fresco on the outside of a crumbling palace wall still hints dimly of the time when Venice counted Titian and Georgione among her "house painters."

We took our lunch at a famous little Bohemian restaurant on a side street near St. Mark's, and while waiting for the proprietor-chef to cook the steak, which we had selected off the counter, and the *soupe aux pidochi*, a classic dish of Venice, we stepped into the at-

rium of St. Mark's to glance at those naïve Old Testament mosaics which give one the feeling that Adam and Eve and Noah and the animals must literally have sat for their portraits to the Byzantine artists who contrived to breathe so much genuine knowledge of human nature into their childlike efforts.

As we followed with breathless interest the story of our first parents, I understood the remark of a friend who insisted she never could forgive the Higher Criticism for robbing her of Adam and Eve! There is a note of solemn joy in the quaint conception of that first wedding morn when the bride is given away by God the Father — and we were genuinely distressed to see Eve picking the fatal apple so soon afterward. In order to settle the blame once and for all time on her woman's shoulders, the artist (with more historic accuracy than magnanimity of spirit) has twice represented her in the act of offering the forbidden fruit to Adam. Adam, having finished eating his half of the apple, makes haste to tell on Eve, whereupon God chides them very sorrowfully and they kneel down, Eve meekly, Adam abjectly, to receive their sentence of punishment. After they have risen, God presents them with garments. Eve, rather pleased than otherwise with her new clothes, is dressed first and stands

waiting for Adam, who has great difficulty in drawing on his shirt and finally has to be assisted by Deity. When they are ready to leave Paradise, they are not expelled by a furious angel with a fiery sword, as in later pictures, but are led to the gate by God himself, who, laying His hand gently on their shoulders as if in benediction, sends them forth.

Even in this solemn moment Eve seems curious and talkative, straining her eyes to see how the world looks outside the gates and vainly trying to reassure Adam, who looks dubious as to the future and sullen about the past. In the last scene, however, Adam comes out well. His punishment has been turned to the divine account and he is joyfully subduing the earth while Eve sits close by with her work, sewing for the baby. They have "made it up" with each other and by the perfect peace and joy of the scene we know they have made it up likewise with God.

Beyond in the atrium we caught glimpses of other Old Testament scenes. One mosaic we noticed which depicted in most realistic fashion Noah pushing and one of his sons pulling a reluctant lion into the Ark — but just at this point a little urchin, despatched from the restaurant, came rushing up to tell us our *piddochi* was getting cold, so we left Adam and Eve to

their hoeing and sewing and went to eat our lunch, which we too, we felt, had earned that day by the sweat of our brows.

We then devoted an hour to the Academy where Carpaccio, perhaps the best after-dinner story-teller of the Renaissance, held us spell-bound with his quaintly charming series of pictures illustrating the life and vicissitudes of St. Ursula and her ten thousand virgin companions.

I squandered very little time buying lace and glass in Venice this second trip, for it had finally dawned on me that while I could get Venetian glass and lace in many American cities, never again in any other place than Venice could I have such an opportunity to see Tintoret, and in him Venetian painting at its high-water mark, with what was most real in religion, deepest in poetry, and loveliest in art all combined. One of his paintings in the Scuolo de San Rocco, adjoining his Parish Church, is to me as deeply moving a picture as I have ever seen. Who that has looked on it can ever forget that white-stoled figure standing before Pilate with bound hands and the look of a conqueror? Yet for all the Godlike calm of His face there is a feeling of infinite human weariness about the figure, strange mingling of a man crushed and a God triumphant — a God who could only con-

quer by suffering and a man who dared to suffer like a God. Opposite sits Pilate in his royal robes of state, surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of imperial Rome. No hint of shrinking, you might say, in that figure, and yet, as you look beneath the glittering surface, piercing through the body to the naked soul of him, the man seems literally to dwindle before your eyes until by some subtle swift play of inner vision the masks drop from the figures and the scene is changed — Pilate is the condemned one and Christ stands forth the judge.

There is a great pity in Christ's eye as He looks upon Pilate washing his hands. Can the man really believe that water will wash away the stain? What pitiful superstitions are people bound by, what meaningless rites suffice them, how shallow the Pilate creed! Ah, standing there with the weight of the world's sin crushing Him, Christ knows that the ruler's saying, "I wash my hands of this," will not do away with the least atom of responsibility. About to pour out His blood in token of regeneration, to teach the world the law of sacrifice, He knows that easy-going formulas are not enough, that water does not suffice, that without shedding of blood is no remission. One may not turn on the faucet of this or that church, or trust that some man-made creed or

priestly rite will save him. No, one's life must be devoted to a divine purpose, one's material interests must be subordinated to spiritual ends.

We feel instantly, on looking at this picture, that the sadness in Christ's face is not for Himself. The small moment of personal agony, of shrinking in Gethsemane, is over. He is thinking of the ignorant mob outside shouting, "Crucify Him!"—yes, Him, their King; of the fleeing disciples who had been so long time with Him and yet had never known Him; of Peter who is denying Him as the cock crows; of Judas who has betrayed Him; of Pilate who, in order to remain the friend of Cæsar, at last condemns the Christ. He seems to be speaking now to Pilate — Pilate the puppet, who dreams he is the judge: "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." Ah, the judgment scene is not here, not now! A few hours ago, alone in the garden, the real judgment had been passed. When He refused to call for the legion of angels to deliver Him, and stretched out His hand only to the one who brought the cup, He Himself gave Pilate the power with which to judge Him now. "No man taketh my life from Me," the words come ringing down the centuries and Tintoret has caught their echo: "No man taketh my life from

Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again."

Christ before Pilate! Pilate before Christ! Either phrase might serve as the title for this picture, and yet neither is entirely adequate, for in the final analysis both figures seem to stand so terribly alone — each weighing not the other's but his own soul in the balance — type of that inevitable, inexorable judgment which every man must pass on his own life. We cry out to God for mercy and he hands us the scales. By the choice we have made of light or darkness, of our highest or our lowest, we pronounce upon ourselves that judgment which alone is final.

Looking back on those days in the sea city, it seems to me that if only he have the mind to, one may "go to church" to as good purpose in voluptuous Venice as in Puritan New England; may hear, if he have ears to hear, a still small voice speaking from pictured lips and find the deathless truths of religion wrought into lifeless marble. Before I left Venice this second time, though I had by no means covered all the ground I had hoped to, I had at least caught a glimpse of something of which Baedeker makes no mention — something that cannot be seen or appreciated mechanically,

and that is the spirit of the dying city, of which the splendor of her past and the magic of her present are but the more or less inadequate material expressions.

To the discerning traveler there is a more delightful experience than a first visit to Venice, and that is a second; and a still more delightful experience, and that is a third. Indeed, it was easy for me to understand, after having seen the enthusiasm of the art teacher, the charm there might be in taking a possible thirty-third degree. Such is the spell of the place that before you have seen Venice, she lures you in your dreams; and once seen, she haunts you ever after.

CHAPTER X

THE ASSISI OF ST. FRANCIS AND SABATIER

A well-known guide book prefaces its description of one of the historic old towns near Venice with the illuminating observation that it is like no other city in Italy. This remark might apply with almost equal force to practically all the other Italian cities, for each of them, whether it be large or small, has a distinct personality. On the other hand, just as a group of children who are quite unlike each other in looks and character may yet have something in common which stamps them as members of the same family, so the cities of Italy, though they differ from each other as widely as do the mountains of Assisi from the lagoons of Venice, still manifest a certain family likeness in their power to charm. Each appeals to you in a different way, but each ends by fascinating you.

Rome is masterful, it overpowers you; Venice enchant^s you; Assisi inspires you; Florence

possesses you. And so I might go on, calling out what seems to me the dominant note struck by the different localities, for this great orchestra of Italy, in which the different cities play the different parts, has the power to pitch its music in many keys, to transpose its melodies to charm all ears.

Assisi, like her great basilica, is built in layers with some houses nestling comfortably at her feet in the valley, others clinging to the sides of the hill like children catching at their mother's dress, and still others balancing themselves on tiptoe up against the edge of the cliff in such a precarious position that one expects at any minute to see them relax and tumble over from sheer strain of exhaustion. When I learned, however, that the house I was especially worried about bore the historic date of 1492, I felt considerably reassured as to its staying qualities.

As some one has said, "Perugia is the most queenly looking of all the Umbrian hill cities, while Assisi across the way looks like a poor relation." But if Assisi is poor in fortune and in aspect, she is rich in traditions of blood and of history. Travelers who rate luxurious hotel accommodations above high art, and who can better appreciate a good *table d'hôte* than the character of St. Francis, probably will con-

tinue to stay in Perugia and drive over some pleasant morning to "do" Assisi in a few hours. But those who, having gone to Italy to drink deep of her art and inspiration, are unwilling to turn away empty from this one of her rarest feasts, will filch from more pretentious sights some few days at least for this little wayside village. Assisi doubly deserves to be a place of pilgrimage, for here on the walls of her basilica one can trace the rise and development of Italian art from its earliest gropings after form and expression in the archaic frescoes before Cimabue, to its great flowering time in Giotto and its later blossoming in the exquisite creations of Simone Martini and other Sienese masters; and here, likewise, one may tread on sacred ground hallowed for all time because in this valley some seven centuries ago St. Francis was born, first of the flesh, then of the spirit, and here preached and lived his triple gospel of love for God, man and nature. So closely did he follow in his Master's footsteps, it seemed in truth the Christ had come again; only this time, the legend runs, the angels were heard singing out the glad tidings in Assisi instead of Bethlehem; and there is a church now where it is said the heavenly voices sang, and a chapel covers the spot where the young St. Francis lay.

But this idyllic conception of Assisi unfortunately is based on only a part of the truth. If one stays long enough in Italy to look a little deeper than the surface, one is apt to sicken of legends and weary of saints, for almost every town contains some wonder-working crucifix, and costly shrines are forever being erected over miraculous relics, while half-starved peasants take bread from their children's mouths in order to deck the statue of the Madonna with paper flowers and waxen images. Assuredly the great basilica where St. Francis is buried and the gaudy church that covers the place where he died, lying on the bare stones in the arms of his "bride, poverty," seem rather to stifle than to express the message of the man whose life was one long protest against the pomp and luxury of the church and all the complex creeds and dogmas which during so many centuries it had been spinning into a shroud to adorn the body and hide the spirit of its divine Founder. But though many of the haunts of St. Francis have been desecrated rather than consecrated, nevertheless this fair Umbrian country still remains his country—"the best document from which to study the early Franciscans." Here Nature is ever the same, and they who will listen may learn the message of love which she spoke to

him through the perfume of the flowers, the murmur of the brook and the sighing of the winds. Here one may climb to the Carceri and see the cave in the hillside where he kept so many holy vigils; the flowers along the road are the descendants of those "little sister flowers" he loved, and the birds singing in the great trees are like the very ones he preached to so many centuries ago.

St. Francis was a spiritual genius. What Shakespeare was among dramatists and Plato among philosophers, what Cæsar was among world conquerors and Michael Angelo among artists, Francis of Assisi was among saints. Born of wealthy parents, up to the age of twenty-four he lived the idle, luxurious life of his class and time. But at this stage in his career, suddenly experiencing one of those psychological revolutions called conversions, he threw himself into the service of the higher life with a whole-hearted devotion which had not been equalled since the days of the early church. His entire nature was changed. Henceforth his whole being seemed charged with a spiritual power which enabled him during the few remaining years of his life to exercise over the hearts and minds of men a religious influence more potent than that exerted by all the priests and popes of his time.

Unlike his contemporary, St. Dominic, he laid little emphasis on intellectuality and much on the value of physical labor for his disciples. By combining the gospel of hard work with that of poverty, chastity and obedience, he made of his order a species of Salvation Army of the thirteenth century. He utterly refused to be hampered by any of the so-called helps of material wealth. Like David rejecting Saul's armor, he cast aside all the ordinary ecclesiastical weapons and, going forth armed only with an unconquerable love and a few simple truths, smote the giant evils of his age and left upon his own and succeeding generations a deep and enduring impression.

Through friends we had heard of Signor Rossi, the delightful and scholarly proprietor of the quaint little hotel in Assisi, and of his choice private library of French, English, German and Italian books which he places at the disposal of guests. Indeed, the bohemian tone of his hotel, in which was to be found a judicious mixture of artistic confusion, literary abandon and general happy-go-luckiness, proved that mine host was more of a scholar than hotel-manager. The real manager of the place was a boy of about fifteen. Lads of this age, got up in long trousers and cut-away coats with flapping tails, are a feature in small Ital-

ian hotels where they are intended to convey the appearance of age and receive the wages of youth. Michael Angelo, as this Assisi boy was called, was almost as versatile as his namesake. He knew enough of three languages to form some confused notion of the needs of the various guests and filled to the brim the positions of assistant cook, interpreter, porter and bootblack.

We might never have appreciated so keenly his merits if he had not been laid low for three days with a fever, during which period the whole machinery of the hotel came to a standstill in spite of the scholarly efforts of the proprietor, assisted by his demoralized corps of guests and domestics. But pilgrims to Assisi must be content to forego certain creature comforts in order to enjoy for a season the rare and never-to-be-forgotten charms of the place. A Yale professor whom we met there confided to us that though on the first day his wife and daughter declared they could never put up with the primitive accommodations and shiftless management, they were leaving, after three idyllic weeks, with tears of regret. We went to Assisi for four days and it was a victory of sheer will-power that we tore ourselves away in four weeks.

The first evening at dinner we found our-

selves seated near a man who at once riveted our attention by the force and charm of his personality. In his conversation, at times grave, at times sparkling with that indefinable quality which the French call "*esprit*," there was always an undercurrent of profound reverence which one instinctively recognized as the characteristic of a spirit that, even while it played most lightly on the surface, was yet buoyed up by the deeps. Seeing him at first seated, we did not realize his shortness of stature.¹ We were conscious only of his lion-like head and strangely luminous eyes, that glowed and burned and hinted of the imprisoned splendor of the soul they reflected. When he spoke of St. Francis, instantly we knew who he was. Only a man who had written as had Paul Sabatier of St. Francis could speak of him as did this stranger.

M. Sabatier, though a Frenchman, divides his time almost equally between Italy and France. The influence he exerts in both countries by means of his lectures, books and maga-

¹ Owing to the unusual largeness of M. Sabatier's head and the shortness of his stature, when the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him at Oxford, a few years ago, he was obliged, much to the amusement of the students, to hold up the University gown in one hand to keep it from dragging, and in his other hand to carry the cap, which was several sizes too small for his head.

zine articles, as well as by his wide personal acquaintance with a host of young priests and writers, makes him a powerful factor in that vast movement toward religious freedom, social progress, and political reform which has come to be the world-wide passion of the idealists of this generation.

I am sure many people who come to Assisi leave with more vivid recollections of M. Sabatier than of Giotto's frescoes. In thinking of St. Francis the image of the saint somehow gets confounded with that of his brilliant biographer, so that to speak of the one means to remember the other. But surely this is as it should be, for the saint who after all these centuries has been given back to the world in his own native sweetness and light ought certainly today to be associated in our minds with the scholar who has devoted his splendid talents and consecrated so many years of his life to this labor of love.

M. Sabatier has done a great work for the inhabitants of Assisi, most of whom seem to have followed the example of their gentle saint and taken poverty as their bride and constant companion. Although not an orthodox socialist, he has many socialistic ideas, among which is a disbelief in haphazard charity. And yet, as he explained to us, many of the Assisians

are in such desperate straits that something immediate has to be done to keep them from actual starvation. In order to assure the half-starved school children of at least one nourishing meal a day, he established, several years ago, a soup kitchen that has developed into a social center from which radiate many healthful influences that make toward the material and spiritual betterment of the entire community.

One morning while in Assisi we climbed with M. Sabatier to the old crumbling convent of San Benedetto, whither St. Francis, immediately after his conversion, is reported to have gone in order to engage in the most menial work. During our promenade the air was thick with blessings called down on M. Sabatier's head. Different saints were loudly implored to escort him on his walk, the "safe conduct" being entrusted to St. Francis in the lower quarter of the city, to St. Rufino in the upper, and to St. Claire outside the gates, while along the entire route the Madonna was importuned in his behalf by these simple souls who look on him as nothing less than a modern saint. Indeed, if he were only a Roman Catholic, one might easily imagine him being canonized after his death as St. Sabatier of Assisi.²

² I remember his half-serious, half-laughing reply to a

While lunching near the convent he regaled us with some of the quaint legends of St. Francis and St. Claire which the natives of this particular locality have handed down from one generation to another as a sort of folk-lore. One of these legends tells how on a winter day when the two saints were going about the country together on their errands of mercy, word was brought that certain mischievous tongues were wagging on their account, whereupon St. Francis decided to send from him the gentle soul whose wise counsels and unfailing loyalty to his ideals had been like heaven's own balm to his tired spirit. A few moments after St. Claire had gone, tearfully obedient to his command, she came running back to ask when she might look into his face again. "Not until the roses bloom, my child," St. Francis replied sadly, thinking of the long months to come; but suddenly while he spoke, out of the snow which covered the ground where they stood there sprang up a mass of wonderful roses. So this miracle, which was plainly a sign from heaven, put an end to evil gossip, and the two saints took up again that gracious and gentle companion query as to whether he were a Catholic or a Protestant. "Neither the one nor the other," he said. "I am a Franciscan." If one realizes all that the ideals of St. Francis mean to him, this is probably as complete a definition of his religious tendencies as could be given.

ionship which is one of the most perfect idylls that life has given to literature.

Late in the afternoon, after exploring the ruins of the convent, we started home. Our road wound down among the hills where olive trees cast their lingering shadows, and through the mass of silvery foliage we saw the sun setting in purple splendor. But we were thinking less of the present than of the past, for our imaginations had gone on a far journey to a summer day seven centuries ago when St. Francis was carried down this same road that he might bless Assisi and die among her people. High above us in a cleft of the mountains was the cave of the Carceri where his soul so often had "gone up for gain to God"; below, in the valley, rose the great dome of the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, built over the chapel of the Portiuncula, which was to him a very holy of holies, since there he had so often heard the voice of the Crucified One calling him to serve, and at last heard that same voice calling him to rest.

At every turn we were reminded of some fresh scene in the life of St. Francis or St. Claire. On one side were the foundations of the lordly house of St. Claire's father. From another point we could see the convent where, as a young girl she had first been led by St.

Francis, after taking her vows, and where white-robed novitiates still pledge themselves as "brides of the Christ." Coming down into the town, as we passed the bishop's house where St. Francis had been carried in his last illness, we remembered how, when dying, he had lifted up his voice so gladly to welcome "Sister Death" that one of his over-sensitive companions, Brother Elias, rebuked him for unseemly conduct. The fear of the Assisiens that he might die outside their city and that some other town, notably Perugia, might steal his body, led them to send armed soldiers to accompany him and guard the place where he lay, for in those days the possession of a saint's body was a veritable gold mine to a city, and the very finger nails of St. Francis were relics of incalculable value. It was in front of the bishop's house that the youthful saint had marked the beginning of his new career by tearing the clothes off his back and hurling them at his father in token that he thus renounced his inheritance.³ A little farther on, in an ancient house, we passed the very door through which St. Claire had escaped the night she went to the Portiuncula to take her vows.

³ One of Giotto's most famous frescoes in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence depicts this scene, while one of Ruskin's most illuminating interpretations was inspired by it.

In the cathedral we saw the baptismal fount where St. Francis and St. Claire as infants had been "given to the Lord" by parents who strove hard to take back the gifts when these children, grown to manhood and womanhood, chose to ratify these vows and literally rededicate themselves.

Halfway down the road we were joined by a fourteen-year-old lad who strove to make himself agreeable in the hope of an ultimate tip. We stopped for a second to look in at a little wayside chapel whose walls were covered with frescoes which, though poor, had yet a certain lingering grace. By way of stimulating our interest, our companion launched out on the following tale, which made up in originality what it lacked in historical accuracy and continuity:

"A certain woman, named Attilia, lived here and then she went to America (N. B. 'America' stands for the great unknown beyond the seas. If anyone goes off and is never heard from, he is surely lost in America). After her departure for America, St. Fileppo, a contemporary of St. Peter, came and lived in her hut, and shortly after Saint Fileppo died, Giotto happened to be passing by, and decorated the walls with these scenes from his life." Such a delicious jumble was better than any fairy tale. We questioned the boy, first, as to

his knowledge of history — about when did Giotto live? As many as fifty years ago? He saw we were making sport of him, so he answered stoutly, though rather vaguely, "Oh, yes, signora, many more years than that — perhaps four or five thousand." As to his geographical knowledge, that was not more definite. Where this lady had gone to live in America, whether to New York or Buenos Ayres, he could not say; America was "*molto lontana*" (very far), was it not? How could one say exactly?

The hermitage of St. Damien which we turned aside to see was to me the most moving of all the memorials of Assisi. The little bare chapel hid away among the olive trees on the hillside, and the garden, kept just as it was in the time of St. Francis and St. Claire, seemed still calm with the peace which these two left upon them. It was in the rude chapel of St. Damien that the crucifix spoke to St. Francis, and the reparation of its altar was his first labor of love. In this place later he established St. Claire and those other devoted women who were associated with her, and here under the shade of its olive trees, with Claire ministering to his broken body and inspiring anew his spirit, he composed the "Canticle of the Sun" which Ernest Renan pronounced "the most perfect

utterance of modern religious sentiment.”⁴

As we reached the hotel, the four bells, called the “Quartette of St. Francis,” were ringing out the seven o’clock vespers, and suddenly down in the valley myriads of little lights flashed out of cottage windows till the whole plain was a mass of twinkling fires. Someone quoted:

“Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.”

Only in this case it was the meadows of earth that were blossoming, and the forget-me-nots were St. Joseph’s, for as it was the eve of St. Joseph’s fête, at the vesper hour every house in the valley lit a candle or a bonfire in his honor. It is the custom among the peasants for every member of the family on this occasion to jump across the bonfire, calling loudly on St. Joseph to chase the devils from the house. Betrothed lovers frequently announce their engagement by leaping over the fire together, and we met one old peasant who boasted that at the age of eighty she still “jumped St. Joseph’s fire.” In the public square Assisi had built a great bonfire in honor of St. Joseph, and

⁴ See Appendix “B.”

in the flames that leaped and writhed we could easily imagine the evil spirits of the city going out in fire.

One feature of St. Joseph's fête which smacks somewhat of carnal-mindedness is the eating in his memory of a certain fried rice-cake. The Madonna being a great gadabout, so the legend runs, and often not getting home in time to prepare the mid-day meal, St. Joseph, left to his own resources, invented this cake, which had the double merit of being quickly cooked and easily digested. That night at dinner we all ate religiously of these cakes, and as St. Joseph happened to be the patron saint of our host, Signor Rossi, the hotel furnished Vin d'Aste in which to drink to the health of the two.

The superstition of these peasants is naïve in the extreme. In some matters their credulity is incredible. One day while walking along a country road we noticed a peacock whose gorgeousness of tail was almost eclipsed by the brilliant worsted yarns that streamed from his head. Upon inquiry we learned that the peasants are so fearful praise of a peacock's tail will result in the premature loss of its plumage that they exert all their ingenuity to rivet attention on some other feature.

We had another illustration of this attempt

to outwit the evil fates when a peasant brought her goat to the hotel to supply an invalid with fresh milk. The animal was a fine specimen, with such large and prepossessing udders that the invalid remarked on them with satisfaction and delight. The owner seemed far from appreciating the compliment, and the next day the goat arrived with her head bound in strips of calico, while gaily colored ribbons floated from her horns. In reply to our exclamations we learned that the poor woman had torn her petticoat to pieces and spent her last cent on ribbons with which to deck the goat's horns in order to "head off" further unlucky reference to its udders!

We were fortunate to be in Assisi at the end of Lent, to witness the really mediæval ceremonies with which Assisi, almost alone among the Italian cities, still celebrates the closing scenes of the Passion. In the cathedral on Maundy Thursday the commemoration of the washing of the disciples' feet gave an opportunity for the picture-loving people to inject something spectacular into their service. When the bishop arrived and took his seat on his throne, various ecclesiastics handed him linen cloths with which he girded himself. He then stepped down and proceeded to wash the feet of twelve old men ranged in two rows

opposite him, who, dressed in the garb of penitents and scrubbed in advance for the occasion, represented the twelve apostles. After embracing them and washing their feet (one apostle was sent away in disgrace, having left all the work to the bishop), Monseigneur gave to each a bunch of flowers, a few sous, a loaf of white bread,—which was a luxury,—and a towel,—which was a necessity, since his own drying had been somewhat perfunctory, and the fact that most of the apostles were sockless made it hard work at best for them to pull on their stiff boots. We left the apostles tugging away at their foot gear, smelling their bouquets, munching their loaves of bread, and jingling their pennies—on the whole looking most pleased, in contrast to the rather bored expression of the bishop.

Later in the afternoon of the same day, in the lower church of St. Francis, where gorgeously robed ecclesiastics celebrated with stately Gregorian chants and clouds of incense the agony of Gethsemane and the taking of Christ in the garden, a unique feature was introduced into the service. Suddenly, in the midst of the chanting, a side door burst open and about twenty little ragged boys, armed with heavy sticks, came trooping into the church, dashed their clubs wildly to the floor,

and ran out again, shouting madly. There was great consternation among the foreigners in the audience until they were informed that this pandemonium was a part of the performance and that the small boys, who certainly were well chosen for their rôle, represented the confusion of the Roman soldiers, the flight of the disciples, and the general horror of that garden scene.

In the cathedral on Friday afternoon, at the conclusion of the service in memory of the hours Christ hung on the cross, some of the clergy mounted ladders and took down from over the high altar the life-sized flesh-colored image of the Christ. After washing and wiping the body carefully, they wrapped it in linen cloths and placed it on a bier. People swarming into the cathedral pressed forward to kiss the body, and for five minutes we were so caught in the crowd that we could not get out. It was a weird scene, with enough realism in it to make it uncanny, but just enough reverence on the part of the people to keep it from being wholly revolting. Italian crowds do not always inspire lofty emotions, and my one desire was to escape from the ghastly sights, mournful sounds and stifling odors — which last were so pungent and overpowering that, as an American girl near me remarked, the smell of garlic

on the man next her was a positive refreshment.

Very early Saturday morning a great procession formed to carry the body of Christ down to the Church of St. Francis, where it was to lie in state until evening. About midway between the cathedral and St. Francis the procession stopped at a convent where the nuns, who never leave the place or have any communication with the outside world, were permitted for a few moments to gaze at the figure of the Christ which was lowered into their chapel. The nuns wailed and wept over the body of their mystical bridegroom, covering it with flowers and kisses, while mingled with their prayers and sobs came the whispered comments of the people outside as they caught a glimpse of some white face they recognized. "How she is changed, my child — I would not know her," I heard one old woman sob, as she pointed out a daughter who had been dead to her for many years. But this heart-rending scene was soon over, the last looks were exchanged, the body was drawn up, the grating was closed and the procession moved on to the lower church, while the nuns were left for another year with only the memory of the dead Christ, and perhaps some new heart hunger for others who, in spite of all their vigils and struggles, were not yet dead to them.

It was pathetic to see those poor peasants creeping into the dimly-lit lower church,— old men hobbling in on their canes and kneeling painfully to kiss the body, some of them for the last time; old women in rags, bent and wrinkled, who could hardly drag themselves along; young mothers with babes at their breasts; and peasants from the fields — such a poor, sad crowd it was, with only here and there a well-fed, well-dressed person to give a glint of happy color. In the midst of the afternoon service a tiny child, not over four years old, toddled into the church alone. She wore coarse hob-nailed shoes that grated on the stone floor as she scraped up the aisle to where the Christ lay. Dropping on her knees at the steps, she tugged at the crepe on the figure, and as she struggled to kiss the body and could not with all her tip-toeing, the King of Saxony, who had come to Assisi on a pilgrimage and was following the ceremonies from a private enclosure near the altar, stepped out and lifted her up. For a second the wee waif was in the king's arms, utterly unconscious of everything but the ceremony in which she was taking her solemn part. As the king set her down, she crossed herself piously, dropped one more reverence by the bier, and then toddled out. With her great black eyes, her ragged dress

and her head tied up in an old handkerchief, she was the most solemn and demure bit of humanity I have ever seen. What stray little waif she was I could not learn, but this one touch of vital Christianity in the midst of so much petrified pomp was refreshing, and, more than all the masses the King of Saxony had sat through, I thought, would be counted this kindness of his to one of the least of the little ones.

At night the whole city was illuminated and a great procession of all the fraternities, comprising the entire male population of Assisi, filed down from the cathedral in double lines to the Church of St. Francis, each carrying a lighted taper. The men were dressed in the costumes of their organizations, while each fraternity had one masked figure representing the Christ bearing His cross. Finally came eight masked men, carrying a great figure of the Madonna with a crown on her head and a handkerchief in her hand and seven swords piercing her side. Slowly the procession filed down the hill and into the great dark lower church, chanting that weird sweet sixteenth century hymn — the "*Stabat Mater.*"

A little later the worshipers filed out, carrying the body of the Christ as well as that of the Madonna. The band stationed at the door struck up the "Dead March from Saul"; the

crowd dropped on its knees as the figures were borne past; and silently the procession wound its way back to the cathedral, where the Virgin and her Son were left in peace for another year.

Slowly the great piazza emptied itself. The torches and candles died away in the distance, and we stood alone on the broad parapet that overlooks the valley. Looking up, out of the darkness which settled down on us all the deeper after the dim lights were gone, we saw the stars serenely shining, and our hearts were filled with a great wonder and a great peace. The man-made pageant was over, but the matchless pageantry of nature was spread out above us in an endless procession of stars and suns and systems of worlds, and I thanked God that in those hours of spiritual gloom when church and priest seem powerless to aid, when the flare of earth's torches has vanished, and the artificial lights we have been walking by fail, we still may look up to where the stars are shining, and read, if we will, their message of hope:

“God’s in His Heaven,
All’s right with the world.”

APPENDIX "B"

THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing!

Praised be my Lord God, with all His creatures, and specially our brother, the Sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shines with a great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the Moon, and for the Stars, the which He has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother, the Wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which Thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother Fire, through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness, and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother, the Earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for His love's sake, and who endure weakness

and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for Thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

Praised be the Lord for our sister, the Death of the body, from which no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin!

Blessed are they who are found walking by Thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

Praise ye, and bless the Lord, and give thanks unto Him and serve Him, with great humility.

M. Sabatier adds: "'The Canticle of the Creatures' is very noble. It lacks, however, one strophe; if it was not upon Francis' lips, it was surely in his heart:

Be praised, Lord, for sister Claire;
Thou hast made her silent, active and sagacious,
And by her thy light shines in our hearts."

CHAPTER XI

TOURING TUSCANY *À LA BOHÈME*

While many of the larger cities in Italy furnish confirmation of the saying, "God made the country, man made the town," one has a feeling that in the construction of some of her unrivaled hill towns, God and man must have conspired together. In these small places more or less off the tourist line of march, one is apt to meet chiefly those members of the post-graduate course of travel who already have seen the stock sights and have begun to specialize by searching out for themselves the rare secrets and half-hidden charms of the less frequented haunts of history and beauty.

All over Italy, in quiet little places like Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Orvieto, and Ravenna, are to be found delightful men and women — critics, historians, and artists — who study and write and paint, living the simplest life physically, the strenuous life intellectually and the all-round artistic and bohemian life generally — holding to the belief that there are many

things in this world besides a good name which are to be chosen above riches. They do their work as God does his — slowly, joyfully, and as perfectly as they know how — while from their picturesque quarters in some historic villa or mediæval tower they look out tranquilly — often a bit wonderingly, and sometimes even pityingly — upon the great mass of hurried, worried, misguided men who live and strive and suffer all their lives long in the dwarfing ruts of routine, seeking only to gain a tinsel conventional success which seldom brings either real happiness, lasting fame, or unpolluted honor.

While the rather renaissance conception of life which artist folk are apt to adopt not only falls short of the Christian ideal, but even fails to measure up to the Stoic standard of Epictetus, or Marcus Aurelius, who demonstrated that "even in a palace life may be lived well," it unquestionably is a higher conception of life than that at which modern Philistinism has arrived.

Many people, if we are to believe their statements, have gone to Italy and fallen among thieves, but few there or elsewhere could have fallen into a more charmed circle of artists and critics than we found in Siena. If we are not art connoisseurs ourselves by this time, it is not

because we were not exposed to the contagion in its most virulent form. Our new-found friends, whom we met around the omnipresent tea table of an English essayist, were all enthusiasm over a projected trip to a number of Tuscan hill towns, including San Gimignano and Volterra.

When we parted late in the afternoon, it was with the invitation to gather the following day at the apartment of one of the critics to perfect plans for this trip, in which we found ourselves included as naturally as though we had known these people years instead of hours — such short work is made of the Gordian knot of convention in the realm of Bohemia, where kindred tastes and congenial interests constitute a perennial passport.

The promoter in chief of the expedition, one of the critics, was a cosmopolitan by birth and training. Born in Japan of an English father and an American mother, he received his education in Germany and finally settled in Italy, where he became a recognized authority on mediæval art. Although in his painstaking and deliberate methods of work he seemed like a mediævalist pure and simple, in his alert thinking on modern questions he was singularly up-to-date, and had a quiet way of turning the light from Japan, or Italy, or Germany, on to

problems under discussion, that often proved illuminating and suggestive.

While most of the party had their headquarters at Siena, Florence and Rome, each sent a representative American colonist, while two artists came on from Paris — a genial and talented Englishman, whose prospects as the heir to a title unfortunately had been allowed to interfere with his prospects in art, and a young American marine painter already hailed as a coming man — a big, magnetic fellow, full of poetry and fire, with an endless capacity for absorbing impressions of beauty and a lavish instinct for passing them on to others, enriched and enlarged by his own creative imagination.

Most of the women were content with the distinction of being the wives of their respective husbands, but there was one unmarried woman, a clever art connoisseur with a well-defined career of her own. She had been at the head of the Fine Arts Department at one of our great expositions and later was entrusted with the selection and purchase of the extensive collection of an American millionaire who poses as a patron of art.

The morning we were to start a drizzling rain set in which lasted several days. An archæologist who had come from Rome especially for the trip to Volterra had promised to

unravel for us the tangled threads of the as yet unwritten history of its strange civilization; but the continued downpour perceptibly damped his ardor, and when on the fourth consecutive day the rains descended with unabated zest and the floods came and beat upon that archæologist, he fell — or rather fled for shelter to the catacombs of Rome. Although with him fled all our hopes of enlightenment as to the mysterious inner meaning of the sauce-pans, jack-knives, brooches, scarabs, mirrors and weapons with which the ancient Etruscans so lavishly provided their dead, personally I was entirely reconciled to his departure, as I had a feeling that his more or less sepulchral dissertations, added to the æsthetic outpourings of our artists and the higher criticism of our critics, might make the mental pressure excessive.

While waiting for the weather to clear, we had an opportunity at the Belle Arti and various churches, not only to study art in the abstract, but, what was even more interesting, to observe artists and art critics in the concrete. Heretofore we always had thought of these two types of art devotees as belonging to the same generic family and "dwelling together as brethren" in an almost scriptural unity of sympathy and understanding, and I remember the distinct shock we had on discovering the

great gulf which separates them temperamentally, causing them to have such different—not to say antagonistic—points of view.

Being the only lay members of the party, and consequently the only ones who were sufficiently ignorant of art to serve on a jury, the very rarity of our ignorance gave to us a fictitious and flattering importance, since the warring critics and artists, each in turn, would appeal to our sober, unprejudiced and uninformed judgment for a confirmation of their particular views. This confirmation we promptly and privately gave to each applicant. Holding, as we did, the balance of power, we might have been tyrannical, but instead we graciously sided with one school of thought after another, showing the utmost impartiality and a royal disregard for consistency.

One day a group of critics cornered us in the library of the cathedral at Siena, where the artists were going into raptures over the glittering frescoes by Pinturicchio, and seized this opportunity to hold up to scorn the manifest shortcomings of the artistic temperament. "That the artist was a useful and an interesting creature," they were free to admit; "but who," they demanded, "that knew the species intimately, could honestly say that he was a well-balanced or a reasonable one?"

"As a general thing," they continued, warming up to the subject, "he lives in an abnormal world of impulse and sensation, and is always thinking and talking about his æsthetic emotions. These purely sensuous reactions to æsthetic impressions or stimuli unquestionably have their importance and value, but as every psychologist knows, they need constantly to be guided, interpreted and restrained by the critical intelligence. Immersed as each artist must necessarily be in his own particular branch of artistic expression, he is all too apt to become as disdainful as he is ignorant of the study of art as a whole. What does the average landscape or portrait painter know or care about the history of art, the philosophy of art, or the inspiring modern study of comparative art in all ages and among all races? As a rule," they concluded gravely, "artists, like children or savages, lack intellectual grasp and balance."

The following day in the Belle Arti, while the critics with much wrangling and effervesing were laboriously searching out traces of a certain master's hand in the folds of the drapery and the drawing of the feet of a battered thirteenth century creation, the artists, growing restive and cynical, made us the target for a spirited diatribe on the constitutional limitations of the critics.

"Of course, we realize that you are not artists," they explained, "but merely as intelligent observers and people of judgment, surely you must recognize how utterly these critics fail to see art in its true perspective. By measuring the ears, eyelashes and finger-nails of figures, and by other equally mechanical methods, possibly they may be able to determine who has painted this or that particular picture — but what of that? What do they know about the moving power, the tremendous symbolism of art? What really æsthetic appreciation of a picture do they have? What emotional stimulus do they get from sheer glory of color and beauty of line, or what can they possibly know of the ecstasy of artistic creation? It is true they go through a daily bath of beauty, but they come out unrefreshed and unillumined. We grant you they are historians, connoisseurs, scientists — they know all about art — like Moses they can see and point the way to the Promised Land, but into the real realm of art, — of pure, æsthetic sensuous beauty,— they themselves can never come. They are not of our world."

"To think," they concluded in disgust, "of any normal human beings preferring the dingy caricatures of Duccio or the pallidities of Fra Angelico to the gorgeous creations of Benozzo

Gozzoli or Ghirlandaio, instinct with the joy of living, radiant with color, and pulsing with passion and power!"

While in artistic discussion all reference to Ruskin was tacitly avoided on account of the violent prejudices for and against him that were apt to divide us into warring camps at mention of his name, we all were Ruskinites in that we objected on principle to taking the railway if we could find any animate or inanimate substitute to get us over the ground. Accordingly, when the weather finally cleared, we started off from Siena one memorable spring morning in a gay cavalcade; some of the men on bicycles, several on tough little mountain ponies that galloped up-hill as energetically as down, and the rest of us in ancient and rickety Italian vehicles which dated back to the pre-Raphaelite period, if not to prehistoric times.

Tourists often make the mistake of taking conditions which prevail in the vicinity of Naples as the standard of Italian thrift and honesty, and thus are apt to include all Italy and Italians in one sweeping condemnation, after the manner of the Irish maid who protested she could not see why her mistress wanted to study Italian since "few spake it and them's mostly dirty." In our ignorance of Tuscany we had prepared ourselves for the worst in the

matter of accommodations, expecting to have to put up with unspeakable discomforts in out-of-the-way places on our route, not yet realizing that, no matter into what remote corner of Tuscany one may penetrate, he can always be sure of courteous treatment, a good clean bed, and wholesome, well-cooked food.

In the course of several weeks we took our leisurely way over the hills and across the valleys, stopping at a number of Tuscan towns which, after their tempestuous youth, have settled down to such a green old age that in their ruined watch-towers trees have sprung up for sentinels, while wild flowers run riot over walls that rival armies used to scale. Although most of these places were fairly inlaid and overlaid with treasures of art, the bubble of our pleasure was constantly being pricked by the tantalizing thought that no matter what particular spot we happened to be in, just a little further down the valley or across the hills there was a seemingly endless chain of equally interesting places which beckoned us, making us realize that though our time was limited, Italy's treasures were not. Indeed, it has often seemed to me a cruel fate not to be able to live forever and to spend one's lifetime in Italy!

Of the towns we visited, two stand out now in memory as they do in reality,—higher, older

and rarer than any of the others,— San Gimignano, with her musical name and memories that reach back to Dante; and Volterra, whose somber bricks and stones, softened by Time's subtle touch, glow with colors that only the centuries give,— cities set on a hill, yet hid from the world, shrouded in mystery and oblivion.

Our entrance into San Gimignano late one afternoon, just as the sun was setting and the cathedral chimes were tolling out the death of another day, seemed in keeping with the spirit of this place, whose day in the working world is done and yet about whose winding streets and crumbling palaces there still linger a beauty and a pathos like the afterglow of her departed greatness. The whole place seems more like a mediæval mirage than a present-day reality. Nowhere else in Italy does one get so strongly the feeling of being transplanted bodily into the life of the Middle Ages. Dante himself, when he came on his famous mission from Florence, might have stopped in the same dark old Palazzo that sheltered us, and the city we saw was in very truth the city of his day, girt with its massive walls and still boasting fifteen of those fifty towers which in its warlike youth had been its crown of glory and won for it the name “San Gimignano *delle belle torri*.”

Like all small Italian towns, San Gimignano is richer in sacred edifices than in anything else, unless it be legends and relics. The Collegiata — one of its twelve places of worship — contains some characteristic examples of Benozzo Gozzoli, and frescoes by Ghirlandaio in which that highly academic artist for once forgets his technique and loses himself in the tender delineation of scenes from the life of the child saint of San Gimignano, Santa Fina, whose patience and serenity in suffering shed a strange halo of sanctity over the bloody annals of a crafty and warlike age. Legend has it that at her death all the bells in San Gimignano of their own accord rang out together to celebrate her release, and unearthly flowers blossomed about the poor little room where for five years she had lain on her narrow board.

The Collegiata has yet another claim on our interest, since two hundred years after the death of Santa Fina, during the Lenten season of 1484, its walls rang with the fiery eloquence of the young Savonarola as he denounced with prophetic power and passion the luxuries and vices of his beautiful and proudly pagan age. The Dominican monastery in which he was entertained has since been converted into a penitentiary, while the luxury of the San Gimig-

nanese, which he declared to be a stench in the nostrils of Almighty God, has given way to an almost monastic poverty.

The walls of our bedrooms at San Gimignano offered the only modern touch about the place, as they were elaborately frescoed, in triumphant imitation of American wall-paper, which the enterprising little proprietor evidently coveted but could not afford. While here our party in general, and the critics in particular, were reinforced by Mr. X., who had spent the last few years studying comparative art in the different European galleries from Madrid to St. Petersburg. He was a type by himself — a broad-shouldered six-footer who lived the strenuous life in the superlative degree every minute of the day. He traveled everywhere, even over mountain passes, on his wheel, which he apparently rode or carried with equal ease and to which was usually strapped a small library consisting of a dozen or more books, varying in size from the huge volumes of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in Italy" to a little pocket edition of Omar. At the tops of hills, while the other cyclists were panting for breath, he often would take off his coat and turn a series of somersaults to exercise what he considered a neglected set of muscles. He had a habit of dis-

appearing from the crowd after dinner and retiring to his own room, where on one occasion a committee sent in search of him found him seated under a mass of bed-clothing, puffing furiously away at his pipe and making voluminous notes by candlelight, while five or six *scal-dinos* which he had appropriated from our other rooms did their feeble best to mitigate the icy temperature of his enormous apartment.

In Volterra, the next place on our program, where in those days tourists were still a novelty, the arrival of a party of "*forestieri*" was hailed as a public event, and the entire population seemed to be lined up on the parapet to witness the approach of our strange cavalcade. Here we spent four busy days haunting tombs and ruins and mentally transplanting ourselves into the curious and ancient Etruscan civilization where, in the absence of the archæologist, our uninstructed imaginations were allowed to roam absolutely at will.

In the cathedral and baptistry we saw some superb early examples of the sculptor's art, and in other churches and palaces we found a wealth of pictures and frescoes that called vividly to mind those halcyon days when Volterra pressed into her service such men as Benozzo Gozzoli, Signorelli, Ghirlandaio, and her own artist son, Daniele da Volterra, whose vig-

orous talent, as some one has said, "lost its liberty to the conquering genius of Michael Angelo."

A very agreeable surprise was in store for us here, which, though it had nothing to do with archæological or artistic explorations, seemed to add the finishing touch to everybody's good humor and satisfaction. On leaving Siena we had been greatly disappointed to learn that Mr. Q., one of the prime movers in organizing the trip, had been suddenly called home to America on urgent business and was sailing by the first boat from Naples. When, therefore, the day after our arrival at Volterra, the diligence drove up in a pouring rain, there was general rejoicing, as well as amazement, at the sight of our "lost leader" sitting on the front seat, with his hat set well back on his head and his cavalier cape flying, equally unmindful of the downpour and of his urgent business in America, discussing Italian unity with the coachman, who happened to be an old Garibaldi soldier.

His face and head were strikingly like Titian's in the artist's portrait of himself, and the skull cap he invariably wore indoors, as well as a way he had of trimming his reddish-brown beard, further bore out the resemblance and made us nickname him "the only original

living Titian." He was deeply learned, a profound student of life as well as of art, yet simple as a child. Exceedingly modest and almost always silent in a crowd, he nevertheless had a faculty of carrying on the most sparkling conversation under his breath if only one or two people were listening, or, when sufficiently stirred, of contributing to the general discussion some quiet observation which embodied the very essence of wit or of wisdom, as a sip of rare wine seems sometimes to contain within itself all the distilled fragrance of some famous vintage.

While studying the art of Leonardo, he had spent three months in the neighborhood of Vinci in order to let the look of Leonardo's landscapes sink into his soul, and had roamed all over Italy studying Italian life at first hand because of his theory that one cannot understand a nation's art until he understands its people. This wandering scholar with so much of the poet in him seemed to have some instinctive kinship with the spirit of the old world masters, and it did not take us long to discover that, interesting and delightful as were the other members of the party, he was the *chef d'œuvre* of our collection.

As my own study of European countries had been chiefly political and economic rather than

artistic, it is not strange, perhaps, that on this trip I should have enjoyed, even more than the days spent in museums and galleries, the long evenings when, gathered around a blazing fire or lingering over our coffee, the conversation — as responsive to any random remark as a sail to a passing breeze — would flap with easy nonchalance from the past to the present, from art to life, and from criticism of ancient Italian achievements to a discussion of the vital creative forces which today are working out the industrial, political, and religious renaissance of the new Italy.

I recall with interest one such evening in Volterra; the twenty-second of February it happened to be, and like loyal patriots we had made the walls of the old place ring with toasts to the father of that new country which had been born about the time the youthful Volterra was entering her twentieth century. After different ones had exercised their inalienable rights as free-born American citizens to air their particular ideas concerning everything American, from our most venerable and sacred institutions to our latest and most strenuous president, the talk turned to Italy, which we discussed in all its phases,— past, present and to come. There were almost as many points of view as spokesmen, for the number of toasts we had drunk

to various celebrities living and dead, if they had had little effect on the health of the individuals in question, at least had exercised a cheering reflex action on our own spirits and served to set all tongues wagging.

Accustomed to consider Italy's greatness as confined almost exclusively within the domain of art, one of the artists had just been holding forth in a rather pessimistic strain on the "lost estate of Italy," winding up with the contention that the Italian is a worn-out race and that its divine afflatus is extinct because its genius no longer expresses itself with the old-time power on canvas or in marble.

At this point, Mr. Q's interest in the subject getting the better of his natural reticence, he leaped headlong into the conversation, taking complete possession of the arena. Such a conclusion, he insisted, could be arrived at only by ignoring the historical fact that the long line of Italy's illustrious sons was by no means confined to artists, as well as the psychological fact that Italy, peculiarly susceptible to outside influences, as are all highly sensitive natures, for thousands of years has proved splendidly responsive to the inarticulate call of the time, to the spirit of the age. Then followed a vivid résumé of Italy's history from the earliest days, when the Roman Empire expressed the idea of

conquest which was the dominant passion of that age, down to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when Italy more than any other nation voiced the spiritual, intellectual, and æsthetic awakening which later was to become world-wide. Calling the roll of such men as St. Francis in religion, Dante in literature, and Michael Angelo in art, whose genius still dominates and inspires us in spite of all the revolutions in human thought which separate their age from ours, he declared that our modern epoch practically dates from the time when two Italians, Columbus and Galileo,—the one with his compass which guided him past the perils of unknown waters to a new continent, and the other with his telescope that swept the uncharted heavens,—made their separate voyages of discovery and added to man's slowly increasing realm of demonstrable knowledge “a new heaven and a new earth.”

“Moreover,” he continued, “a generation ago, when men were transported with the vision of human liberty, the Italian people in their immortal struggle of the Risorgimento gave to the world the sublimest spectacle of heroism and self-sacrifice the nineteenth century had witnessed, while Mazzini, Italy’s prophet son, sounded a new note in the universal chorus the nations were chanting, adding to the idea of

liberty and ‘the rights of man’ for which men clamored, an inspiring conception of ‘the duties of man’ or the spiritual responsibilities inherent in the exercise of all true liberty.

“And today,” he went on, “when the minds of men are stirred as never before with the vision of social and political regeneration, there are those who predict that Italy will again come to the front, and that as the ancient Romans were the world’s great road builders, so the modern Italians will yet play a leading part in hewing out for the race a new pathway of progress.” This prophecy seemed to the rest of us a trifle far fetched, as prophecies necessarily are which run so far afield into an unknown future, but Mr. Q., quite unconscious of the indulgent smile that greeted the outburst, continued his rhapsody.

“Who knows,” he demanded, “but that in Italy, the youngest and industrially the most backward of the great European nations, where the greedy passion of financialism has not yet gained a complete ascendancy and where the innate love of refinement and beauty has not yet been sacrificed to our mad modern lust for luxury,—who knows but that in lowly Italy, rather than in one of the more powerful and self-satisfied nations, there may yet be raised up the long-looked-for leader who will show men how

to usher in the predestined reign of justice on earth, foretold by the prophets of every religion and sung by the poets of every age?"¹

Who knows indeed?—"Qui lo sa?"—We seemed to catch the echo of familiar words for answer, "Qui lo sa?"—that is the Italian formula for ending every discussion, cutting short all argument, shifting every responsibility, and dismissing all difficult subjects.

So we left the question of Italy's future unsettled, and next morning again boarded those trains of thought — side-tracked over night — which led us back into her past, where at least he who runs may read her title clear to an imperishable glory.

Musing over my memories of Volterra, I find that more vivid to me than any of her archæological wonders or archaic and renaissance art treasures are a few stray pictures that painted themselves on my mind one afternoon toward sunset when we took our farewell stroll up and down the streets of the old city. A Gothic doorway which we came upon at an abrupt turn in the road, the ivy-grown arch of a ruined cloister at the top of a winding flight

¹ In this connection it is interesting to recall the words of Mazzini in the fateful year 1849: "From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity upon Europe."

of steps, and the old Etruscan entrance to the city, served each to frame a separate and enchanting bit of landscape; olive-crowned hills sloping down to the sea, with here and there some ruined castle; in the distance the snowy Carraras out of which Michael Angelo hewed the marble for his Moses; and far off on the horizon, where ocean and sky seemed to lose themselves in a mystical union, the island of Elba, like a lost ship in a sea of gold.

As our little company passed gaily through the gate, I thought of other processions that had passed that way in all these changing centuries; of Florentine hosts forcing their way through to pillage the city in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent; of Roman armies marching on Volterra when she was one of the original capitals of Etruria and held her own against the world; and, farther back in the dim recesses of history, of those solemn processions of Etruscans carrying bodies to the tombs outside the city walls, burying their dead with those mute symbols of belief in a life beyond the grave which today, after forty centuries, still witness to that inborn faith in immortality which links this vanished race in a common bond of hope with the people of every age and clime.

Turning for an instant to look back, I saw

the ancient gateway was framing another picture — perhaps the fairest we had seen — for the last rays of the setting sun rested on the heads of two young lovers, coming slowly down the winding street of the old city, dreaming their dreams of the future while we talked of the buried past.

CHAPTER XII

THE ITALY OF OUR DREAMS

Travelers who from necessity or choice rush from Milan to Pisa on to Florence and Rome, thence down to Naples and on and out of the country, are apt to see only the Italy that is on dress parade, decked out in modern finery to suit the popular taste and catch the eye and ducats of those who are inclined to measure her worth by the number of modern conveniences she can boast and her general up-to-date appearance. Such people, while undoubtedly contributing largely to her financial support, have at the same time threatened to become her spiritual undoing.

So many Mrs. Malaprops have found Rome "dreadfully out of repair," that Rome, anxious to make her guests feel more at home, has set about restoring her ruins and repainting her pictures. Likewise, Venice, throwing her traditions and memories to the winds, has put on the Grand Canal an up-to-date steamboat which belches forth plentiful smoke as incense to her new gods, and blows and whistles and almost

explodes in its frantic efforts to supply transit sufficiently rapid to enable "trippers" to "do Venice" in three days and arrive in Rome on schedule time. Florence, animated by the same thrifty spirit, has turned her Piazza del Duomo into an omnibus station, and though from this convenient corner one can now catch cars going to all parts of the city, it is no longer possible with any peace of mind or security of body to stand there quietly looking up at Giotto's Campanile, or studying out the carvings along the side of the cathedral. Poor Italy, with all her pleasant vineyards, has not yet learned the folly of putting new wine into old bottles, or, to change the metaphor, of trying to patch a Persian rug with bits of modern plush.

In these show cities on the tourist's line of march Italy has come to lead a dual existence. In them — to paraphrase Browning — she has two faces, one to front the casual tourist with, and one to show him who loves her, but it depends upon the traveler himself, and not upon the amount of money or time he lavishes on her, which face she turns toward him. One man, passing through her cities in the most hurried fashion, may catch a glimpse of her real self; while another, settling down for a long stay in her midst, may yet leave without having seen more than the mask behind which Italy

seems always to hide from the unappreciative throng. But let no one be deceived by this caricature which some misguided travelers set up in their hearts and worship. The real Italy is not mocked. Applying to her Kipling's words on England, one might truthfully say:

If Italy was what Italy seems,
An' not the Italy of our dreams,
But only putty, brass and paint,
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er,— but she ain't!

Thank heaven, Italy "ain't" what Italy seems to many people who visit only her large cities, and see in them only the most superficial and artificial part of what they have to show. Thank heaven, there still remains the Italy of his dreams for him who comes to her with a sincere desire to learn some of the secrets of her inner life in order to live his own life more completely; who makes a reverent effort to understand her lovingly and to love her with a growing measure of understanding. To such she gives the key that will unlock her hidden treasures. To him she offers the freedom of those cities which for ages have been the centers of her fullest life and which, in spite of the vaudeville attractions that have been introduced into them for the benefit of the passing crowds, are nevertheless the theatre where the splendid

drama of her new Renaissance is being played out. In such places as Rome and Milan and Florence she offers an endless opportunity for the study of Italian life, not only as it has expressed itself in ancient history and art, but as it is continuing to express itself in industrial and political strivings after a higher ideal and in the very religious unrest and new social impulses which are evidence of the reawakening of the soul of the nation.

But on the other hand, to one whose love for Italy is rooted in the thought of what she has been, and who wishes to shut out for a time the consciousness of her present and even the vision of her future in order to come more fully under her ancient spell, it will be a revelation to discover how perfectly the Italy of the past is still preserved in many of her little wayside villages whose high walls have not yet been "taken" by tourists. Here Italy wears no mask; she has no artificial appeal to make, nothing to offer but her simple self, a trifle negligee, perhaps, but full to overflowing of native old-world grace and charm.

If Dante could reverse his famous journey and come back from that other world to this, while he probably would recognize little besides the hills and the baptistry of his beloved Florence, he still would find in many of the smaller

towns he knew the same familiar aspects. In San Gimignano he would pass through gates that had once swung open to welcome him as ambassador, and would find the frescoed walls of its council chamber unchanged since the days when they echoed to the sound of his own voice.

Among all the memories which have gone to make up the picture of a perfect year in Italy, none stand out in bolder relief than those of a springtime spent in cross-country trips through Umbria, with side trips to Padua and Ravenna. At Assisi, at Perugia, at Spoleto, at Montefalco, or wherever we wandered among these dreamy hill cities with their heads in the clouds, we invariably found that Giotto or Perugino or Piero della Francesca or some other master had been there before us, leaving traces of his far-off visits in glowing frescoes on church and palace walls.

In the matter of frescoes Umbria, and indeed all of Italy, reminds one of the

“. . . old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children she didn’t know
what to do.”

We seldom went for a stroll through the streets of even the most dilapidated of these little old towns without encountering some ragged urchin who would dart out at us from an-

alley demanding if we didn't want to see somebody's "Annunciation," or the "Martyrdom" of a saint, or "The Last Supper," by some local or world celebrity. One day on a lonely country road not far from Perugia I was persuaded to climb a rickety ladder and look into a hay loft at what proved to be one of the gentlest Madonnas I had seen, gazing at her Son. Another time, while exploring the country near Spoleto, we passed a tumbled-down building, degenerated from a chapel into a pigsty, on whose walls we could still trace the faint outlines of a fresco of the Last Judgment. Sometimes we found that ancient churches with their wealth of faded frescoes had been transformed into village gymnasiums or town halls, where Virgins and saints of bygone ages gazed mournfully down at the audience, or listened perchance to such socialistic tirades and other flights of modern oratory as surely they might never hope to understand.

While other nations are given the traditional "page" on which to record their histories, it always has seemed to me preposterous that Italy should not have been allowed a whole book! There has been so much to say that in order to crowd it all on to the allotted page, often she has been forced to write criss-cross and between the lines and up and down the margin and back-

wards and forwards across the sheet! Just consider, for instance, the mass of manuscript packed into the paragraph devoted to the small town of Ravenna, where we find the history of a century often condensed into a single sentence. The Ten Commandments engraved on a dime would seem like conspicuous and flashy headlines compared to the cramped writing Italy's muse has had to resort to here in her efforts to relate how Ravenna, the headquarters of the Adriatic fleet under Augustus and an Episcopal See as early as the time of St. Peter, was bandied back and forth between rival powers for almost two thousand years.

It had seemed to me impossible to reduce my chaotic impressions of Ravennese history to any sort of chronological order until I went to Ravenna, where this particular paragraph of Italy's story is profusely illustrated, and where as one reads he may look upon crumbling monuments of bygone ages and vanished peoples, which, like the vast mosaics of San Vitale, have been set, piece by piece, into the heart of the city by the hands of her Gothic and Byzantine builders.

Glancing down this paragraph, we read that as the seat of the Western Empire under Honorius in the year 402, the city was wrested from the Romans by the Ostrogoths under their great

leader, Theodoric, who ruled over it during thirty-three years of unexampled prosperity and peace. The next line tells how the armies of the Emperor Justinian, reigning over the Eastern Empire at Constantinople, capture Ravenna from the Ostrogoths and unite her to the Roman Empire, whose vassal she remains until she is wrested in turn from the Romans by the Lombards, and from the Lombards by the Franks under Pepin who, sweeping down with his hosts, changes the tide of continental history and presents Ravenna to the Holy See. Here a familiar name catches our eye, and we read of Charlemagne sailing up the harbor with his fleet, stripping Theodoric's palace of its treasures and returning to the north to build the cathedral of Aix la Chapelle in the image of San Vitale. Twice we learn of kings and popes at war over Ravenna, while Ghibellines and Guelphs, fighting their unceasing battles, spill fresh blood on her plains. Later Ravenna, taking matters into her own hands, insists on being governed by her own dukes, but after a period of home rule which lasted about a hundred and twenty years, she appears in a new role as a part of the Republic of Venice, remaining thus until almost a century later, when that war-like pope and patron of Raphael, Julius II, captures her again for the Holy See,

which continues with slight interruptions to hold her until the year 1860, when this ancient and harassed city finally becomes a part of the new kingdom of Italy under Victor Emmanuel.

The tale occasionally shifts, and it is a relief to read how poor Dante, to whom exile from his Florence must have been a more cruel fate than any he had pictured in his "Inferno," was received here by the reigning duke with royal honors. Moreover, his grave¹ is still here, not far from the spot where the martyred Bishop Appolinaris, friend and disciple of Peter, was buried; while close by, in the splendid mausoleum of the Empress Galla Placida, lie the ashes of her brother, the Emperor Honorius, and her husband, the Emperor Constantine III, in those marble sarcophagi which are the only monuments of the emperors of ancient Rome that still remain in their original positions.

Even in Ravenna, however, with so many illustrations close at hand, it seems impossible to unravel all the separate threads of this tangled story or to keep individuals and dynasties in their proper places. At times this confusion

¹ One recalls Ravenna's proud answer when some hundreds of years after Dante's death Florence erected a costly cenotaph in the Church of Santa Croce and calmly requested the return of his ashes: "You exiled Dante when in life and set a price upon his head. With us he found a home and grave, and here he shall remain forever."

amounts almost to sacrilege, as when, for instance, we find the pious Empress Galla Placida actually forced to rub elbows with a very modern countess of our own day, the friend of Lord Byron. But just at this point we skip some fine print in brackets (about Lord Byron's escapades, which isn't very edifying reading and which after all doesn't concern Italy's history) to find the name of GARIBALDI written in great capital letters. For near that forest close by Ravenna, whose beauty Boccaccio sang, Garibaldi made his crowning sacrifice to Italy. Not that he laid down his own life; that would have been easy, for heroes were dropping round him like falling leaves in autumn. But there in a lonely house in the marshes where he was in hiding from the Austrians, he left all that was mortal of his wife, Anita, who had followed him over so many bloody fields of battle and who at last, in utter want and destitution, died, another martyr to Italy.

In the room where he had stood hopeless and helpless, I recalled the words of the Roman soldier who stood by the Cross but could not fathom its meaning: "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." Garibaldi helped save Italy, but Anita he could not save. Her death was the price of her love for him; it was the price of his love for Italy; and surely no

sublimer sacrifice was ever offered up on the altar of country than this which these lovers of each other and of Italy made in the name of their love.

There is a bas-relief on the monument to Garibaldi and Anita in Ravenna which shows him landing among the sand hills by the sea, carrying her in his arms, straining his eyes in the darkness and desolation for some shelter where she may bring forth her child. Another bas-relief gives the sequel — Garibaldi standing beside the bed where she lies dead. As he stood by that bedside and witnessed the divine tragedy of death struggling to bring forth life, was he thinking, I wonder, of that other sacrament of birth by which Italy, after so many years of holy travail and supremest suffering, was in the end to be brought forth?

Yielding to the entreaties of the inhabitants of the house whom his further stay compromised, after a tragic council of war, Garibaldi was forced to hurry away, leaving strangers to bury Anita in the marsh-land by the sea, while the winds sighed in the trees her only requiem. Almost mad with grief, he made his way with the aid of a faithful guide along the coast, sometimes hiding in the tall Indian corn that grows among the marshes, or plunging deep into the sheltering gloom of the pine

forests, occasionally snatching a few hours' sleep in some trusty peasant's hut, "his life handed on with religious devotion from one poor man to another," while bands of bloodthirsty Austrians hunted him everywhere in vain. For amongst all the Italian peasants who knew of his hiding, there was not found one Judas to betray him. The Austrians had set a kingly ransom on his head, but God had sealed this man with his own seal, and through all the ensuing years of constant peril and deadly danger he was "kept" to finish that work which has made his name immortal.

As the tides of the sea over which she once aspired to rule have receded gradually from Ravenna, the tide of history has likewise withdrawn and left this city, the scene of such mighty conflicts, alone among her memories and her ruins. One glory of her past, however, remains to her, untouched by time or tide. Those glowing mosaics of Biblical scenes which no modern craft can rival have lost none of their radiance in the thousand or more years they have kept their watch over Ravenna. In their characteristic absence of any reference to the Cross or the sorrows of Christ, they still bear witness to the passionate conviction of those early Christians, so many of whom were

martyrs, that the negative side of the Christian life — the sufferings and sacrifices — are not worthy to be compared with the positive joys it brings.

These mosaics, showing as they do the high water mark of Italian Byzantine art, proved an excellent preparation for our study at Padua of the work of Giotto, the first non-imitative, creative genius among Italian artists. His series of frescoes here gave me one of the sensations of my life. In thinking now of Padua, so rich in legacies from the past, all her other treasures,— the carvings by Donatello in her great cathedral, the statuesque frescoes by Mantegna which are among the rare remaining works of that master of form and perspective, even the great equestrian statue of Gautemala, which many critics claim has no rival,— seem to me to sink into comparative insignificance beside that series of frescoes from the life of our Lord which covers the four walls of the little Arena Chapel set in its quiet garden. Faulty in technique, often childish in execution, there is yet a sublimity in the treatment of these scenes that is worthy of their majestic theme, worthy also of the master whose legacy to the world was a vitally new conception of art and life, and who threw open the gates for

Michael Angelo and Raphael to enter in and possess the land of promise his genius had foreshadowed.

Our visit to Padua formed the last link in that chain of golden days which made up this springtime in Italy. In Ravenna, where Dante died; in Assisi, where St. Francis lived; and in Padua, where, as in Assisi, Giotto's frescoes still live: we seemed almost to have come into personal contact with these mediæval giants who sum up in themselves and have expressed for all time the soul of the Middle Ages. In those few short months how many centuries our imaginations had traversed! On what far journeys had they gone, back into that other springtime of Italy's history when these men were coming to flower: Dante, Giotto, St. Francis — first fruits of Italy's resurrection, when after her sleep of centuries she awoke to newness of life in literature, in art and in religion, flooding the world with a light that has never since been darkened.

CHAPTER XIII

RAMBLES IN SWITZERLAND

The trip in early summer from Italy into Switzerland, through the Italian lakes by boat and over the Alps by diligence, is only less memorable than the reverse trip in the early spring from the snows and storms north of the Alps down into the flowers and sunshine of Italy.

On crossing the Simplon Pass early one June, we were surprised to find that the runners had been taken off the diligence only a week before, and that even yet our road ran for miles through deep cuts in the snow and occasionally through long tunnels in the solid ice. In one place we had to walk, or rather climb, over the wreckage of an immense avalanche which had swept through the valley two days before, choking up the road and devastating everything in its path. A forest of gigantic pines had been mowed down as with a scythe, while a half-dozen peasant families, together with their houses and farms, were still lying beneath fifty feet of snow and rock.

Although Nature has undoubtedly been to the Swiss a stern and sometimes even cruel mother, she has at least developed in them as racial characteristics certain hardy virtues for which one looks in vain among people bred in more enervating climates.

On crossing the Italian frontier into Switzerland, one is sensible almost immediately of a change in the psychic atmosphere, of a spiritual and physical invigoration from a new ethical ozone in the air. For a time one revels in the wonders of Italy nor counts the cost, but after a few months spent in warding off beggars, hunting out overcharges and refusing bad money, the exasperated traveler often is tempted to judge the entire Italian nation by the cabmen, hotel porters, guides and beggars with whom he comes into direct daily contact, and thus not infrequently he ends by getting the impression, which is manifestly unjust and absurd, that every Italian from prince to pauper is a miniature Machiavelli who lies and steals from centuries of inherited instinct. This is the psychological moment to start north and seek repose in a land where honesty is as nearly universal as is the ability to drive a shrewd bargain.

Perhaps the first sociological observation the average tourist makes on entering Swiss terri-

tory is that the land is as free from beggars as Ireland is from snakes. I am sure that everyone who has had occasion to travel to any extent in foreign lands will admit that whoever may be responsible for this immunity from beggars deserves an even higher place than St. Patrick in the Calendar of saints. A man has a fair chance to defend himself against a viper, but what can the most intrepid do with the beggars of Italy or the Orient but "pay, pay, pay," or submit to their intolerable unceasing and ever-increasing importunities? Often at the frontier of Italy, or even of France, beggars are to be seen gathered like flies and mosquitoes on a window screen in summer, unable to get in, but ever ready to pounce upon you as you come out.

To be sure, the poor are to be found in Switzerland as elsewhere, especially in the cities, but the Swiss government has made a more serious effort than has that of any other nation, with the possible exception of New Zealand, to grapple with the omnipresent problem of poverty. By its system of technical education, its war upon intemperance, its free employment bureaus, relief stations, and labor colonies, its experiments with insurance against idleness, and its increasingly successful policy of more fundamental social reconstruction, much has been

done to abolish contributing causes of poverty and to circumscribe its ravages. Moreover, by means of well-organized charity, both public and private, the hopeless but worthy indigent are probably better cared for in Switzerland than anywhere else in the world. Indeed, so much is being written and said these days about the various splendid activities of the Swiss government that Swiss reforms and the triumphs of Swiss statecraft will soon be as well known and as universally admired as is the grandeur of Swiss scenery.

During my last summer in Switzerland, though I had occasion to visit all parts of the country looking up various matters connected with some economic and sociological investigations, on the whole I found nothing which interested me more than the little *abonnement* ticket on which I was traveling. It was good for a two weeks' continuous journey on the lake steamboats and great railway lines in all parts of Switzerland; it cost \$7.50; and, needless to add, perhaps, it was a third-class ticket. When first introduced, it was feared that the almost nominal price of these tickets, while entirely satisfactory from the standpoint of the public, would prove a losing venture to the railway department; but the resulting increase in

travel soon demonstrated what railway managers seem so loath to learn, that within certain reasonable limits cheap rates are always a paying venture.

On one's first trip abroad he is apt to travel first class as a matter of course,— or of pride — or of prejudice; then next time, by going second one manifests to the traveling public that the novitiate period is over and that one has flowered into a full-fledged globe-trotter of the second degree. On later trips many of us learn that it is wiser to discriminate; to travel first class on long journeys, when fast trains and ample room are a consideration; to travel second class when in the mood for bourgeois comforts, bourgeois companionship, and bourgeois prices; and sometimes to "travel third" for the charm of the company to be met in third class compartments only! Here one comes into contact with the real people; with their naïve ways, their fresh, truthful views of life, with much of the local color and some of the local odors of their native villages still clinging to them. Time passes quickly watching them. They are as unconventional and refreshing as children. As someone dryly remarked, on being asked why he "traveled third"; "I travel third class because there is no fourth."

But in Switzerland the way *par excellence* to get about the country, if one has the time and energy, is not by means of its railways, nor of its splendid system of diligences, nor yet by automobile, but simply and joyfully on foot, for in order to see Switzerland aright one must use his feet as well as his eyes. One summer which we devoted to doing Switzerland, or rather a part of it, in this primitive fashion, I still recall with a keen sense of exhilaration and delight.

Early one morning about the middle of June, with heavy hobnailed boots on our feet, stout walking-sticks in our hands, and a mountainer's knapsack on my back, we set forth to walk from Thusis over the Julier Pass into the Engadine. Toward noon we snatched an hour's nap at a wayside inn, after lunching on brook trout fresh from the water, and vegetables fresh from the earth. We stopped for the night in a little mountain village where the charges at the hotel for breakfast and a large corner room with polished hardwod floor, hand-woven and hand-embroidered linen sheets, and three daintily curtained windows framing magnificent panoramas of snow mountains and cascades, amounted to forty-eight cents each — the picturesque little proprietress apologetically explaining to us that the extras which we had so

recklessly incurred in the way of eggs and jam for breakfast were responsible for the swollen proportions of the bill.

It seemed like flying in the face of Providence to hurry away at once, so, yielding to the protest of our tired feet and the combined charms of the place, the proprietress and the prices, we stopped another day in this little patch of Paradise, and started off next morning, refreshed in body and soul, for our three days' trip by easy stages down into the valley of the Engadine.

Taking up our headquarters at St. Mortiz, we walked all over this enchanting region, seeing it in its most perfect season — the month of flowers — when the fields are shot with every color of the rainbow, and Alpine roses run riot over all the hills, while starry gentians make their part of the earth as blue as the sky, and pansies and buttercups in the valley spread a cloth of pure gold for one's feet.

After two weeks of perfect weather, a drenching rain held us and a few other tourists weatherbound for five days, during which a part of our surplus time was consecrated by common consent to neglected correspondence. Two letters, written by a couple of Oxford undergraduates, were triumphs respectively of brevity and the constructive imagination. One of these fel-

lows, a young giant with apparently more muscle than mentality, seeing everybody else writing, endeavored to yield himself likewise to the epistolary muse, and seizing a pen, wrote a college chum:

Dear B., I write you because I have nothing else to do and (five minutes' hard thinking failing to evolve anything more) stop because I have nothing else to say. Yours in haste.

His companion was more fertile. At the desk he bought some paper decorated with glistening lithographs of mountains, lakes, and glaciers, and wrote to a wealthy invalid aunt, well known for her perennial acidity of temper, as follows:

The day is like a dream of Paradise. The mountains are so enticing in their radiant garments, woven of snow and sunbeams, that it seems almost a sacrilege to stay indoors. Yet I cannot let the day go by without sending you a breath from this bright world, without attempting in my feeble way to share with you the glory and gladness that are mine but which cannot be fully mine until I know that they are partly yours. How I wish that you were with me!

then shuddering as the sky grew blacker and the air damper and more depressing:

The day only needs you here to give the scene completeness. As we cannot see this fair country together,

however, I shall live in the hope of sometime making excursions with you in that land, of which this is but a faint intimation, where travel is without fatigue, the days without clouds, and the hotels are kept by the angels!

Holding the letter out of the window he caught a raindrop and wrote under it, "Pardon this tear."

From St. Moritz we set out for a week's walking trip to Andermatt through one of the least tourist-spoiled regions of Switzerland, stoping *en route* at little chalet hotels where we ate, drank, and slept with all the joy and some of the power of the virile, voracious races of primitive man. At the top of the Oberalp Pass the proprietor of the hotel welcomed us as Noah might have welcomed the dove that returned to the ark with the first signs of dry land. Thus far, the poor man told us, his season had been so superlatively bad that his family had been obliged to eat meat! As we were somewhat puzzled by this paradoxical utterance, he hastened to explain that in the absence of guests (and I might add cold storage facilities) there was nothing to do with the supply of meat on hand but to allow the family to eat it. Judging from his attitude, we could imagine the sort of chastened pleasure with which the household

must have partaken of this feast, which, while it undoubtedly ministered to their carnal satisfaction, betokened their financial undoing.

From the Pass we made a side excursion to little Lake Toma — the source of the Rhone — on our way down to Andermatt where we inspected, as much as is allowable by foreigners, the splendid fortifications which the Swiss promptly erected on the St. Gothard Pass when Italian imperialism threatened to rob them of their Italian-speaking cantons. The Swiss army is one of the most remarkable of her political institutions. It is the idea towards which the common people of every European country, weighed down with taxes for huge standing armies, turn with longing and hope. The Swiss have a wonderful system of militia which saves millions of money to the tax-payers and years of freedom from military service to the soldiers. Practically all Swiss serve in the militia and reserves. The training thus received would be insufficient, were it not preceded and supplemented by military training for boys in school and rifle practice every year by virtually the entire male population of the country.

In this highly original and economical way little Switzerland, with a population of less than three millions of people, actually has always at her beck and call an army of 337,000

of the most martial soldiers of Europe, armed, equipped, and ready to take the field at an hour's notice.

Leaving Andermatt, we crossed the Furka Pass into the Rhone valley, and in the course of the summer we walked over a number of other passes:—the Albula, Brünig, Gemmi, Meiden, Augstburg, Tête Noir,—each with its own special variety of Alpine scenery,—but none of them opened up to view a panorama which could at all compare in grandeur of form and mass and mysterious beauty of color and shade with that which stretched out before us as we reached the summit of the Furka and looked westward over miles of glaciers, intertwined with green valleys and surrounded on all sides by chain after chain of snow-covered, cloud-capped mountains, bathed for the moment in an ocean of sunset glory.

On our walking trips it was interesting to watch the faces of people who passed us in diligences, carriages and automobiles: some, as they whirled by, looked down upon us with plutocratic scorn; others, with indifference or surprise; but those who realized what they were missing must have envied us as we strode along, inhaling great draughts of pure ozone; stopping to rest, or read, or eat, or sleep wherever and whenever we wished; and always car-

rying with us the exultant sense of personal, physical triumph over this proud old Alpine world.

But we were by no means total abstainers from occasional drives, which lent added zest to our tramps. One drive which we took over the Grimsel Pass is indelibly impressed on my memory. Having blistered our feet on the trip to the Grimsel Hospice, we limped ignominiously into the hostelry and requested the proprietor to send us some liniment. Quickly taking advantage of the situation, he inquired whether we would not like a carriage for the rest of our journey to Meiringen. "It is not much more expensive than the diligence," he explained, "and of course there are many advantages in having one's own private equipage." After our dusty pull over the Pass, the picture he drew of us rolling along in luxury proved so attractive that we at once fell in with the suggestion and ordered a carriage for three o'clock.

When our turn-out was announced we descended in state, preceded by the porter, the concierge, the proprietor and the head waiter, all of whom had lent their distinguished services in the matter of the carriage transaction and had been rewarded accordingly. So great was our consternation on being told that the

rickety victoria drawn by a braying mule which stood at the door was our much-vaunted "equipage," and so ludicrous was the whole situation, that we were too nonplussed to protest. Moreover, the mule was braying so vigorously that any remarks we might have made would have been hopelessly swallowed up in the noisy confusion of our exit. The moment we took our seats the antiquated coachman, who at least was in perfect keeping with his property, gave a resounding crack to his whip and we were off!

Such a ride as we had that afternoon would be hard to duplicate at any price. The road twisted and writhed along the precipitous side of a deep gorge through which poured a roaring mountain torrent. This gorge was sufficiently awe-inspiring even when contemplated from a safe distance, but our mule had no idea of remaining at a safe distance — his one thought seeming to be to leap the precipice, while the driver's frantic efforts to frustrate these suicidal and homicidal attempts were badly seconded by a pair of feeble and worn-looking reins, and a brake which at critical moments refused to work, thus precipitating the carriage upon the already greatly overwrought and by this time almost hysterical mule.

Every time we rounded a corner we held our

breath in terror, for turning corners in this turnout was a painfully precarious performance. When the prancing mule had safely accomplished the turn, the crisis was by no means past, since the carriage wheels were suffering from some internal disorder that made them slide and slip, wobble and pitch forward rather than roll, while the harness, being pieced with ends of rope and bits of string, was in imminent danger of collapsing.

About an hour after we had started, hearing the diligence with its six sure-footed horses coming up behind us at full speed, we modestly directed our driver to turn aside, hoping the passengers would be enjoying the scenery too much to have any eyes for us. But just as the diligence came abreast of our "equipage" the mule, having no taste for obscurity, lifted up his voice high above the noise of the waters; and the startled tourists, turning with one accord to look back at us, passed speedily out of our sight and hearing in a gale of laughter. By this time, suffering more from wounded pride than from blistered feet, we mechanically repeated the words of the hotel proprietor: "A carriage is not much more expensive than the diligence, and of course there are many advantages in having one's own private equipage."

The last days of summer were now gone, and according to our original plan our pedestrian tour had come to an end. But when the time came to get into a stuffy train at Meiringen and return to the smoke and bustle of civilization, we decided that it was impossible to leave Switzerland without at least one snow mountain to our credit. Accordingly, instead of securing railway tickets, we engaged two guides and set off for the Ewigschneehorn, a mountain which is only 11,000 feet high, but which commands one of the finest panoramas in the High Alps and in good weather, according to Baedeker, "presents little difficulty to adepts." Unfortunately, however, by thus starting from a point only 2,000 feet above sea-level we gave ourselves a climb of 9,000 feet, which is over 2,000 feet more than from the Eggishorn hotel to the top of the Jungfrau. Moreover, about an hour after leaving Meiringen it began to rain in the valleys and snow on the mountains, thus doubling the difficulties and dangers of our trip, and transforming a comparatively simple climb into a formidable "first-class ascension." We slept the night on straw between huge woolen blankets in an Alpine hut built by the Swiss Alpine Club for the free use of all passers-by. As we were drenched from walking all day in the rain, and there was

barely enough wood on hand to make tea and heat our canned soup, we were forced next morning at four o'clock to get into our icy clothes and with chattering teeth to continue our trip over five glaciers and through eighteen inches of new-fallen snow to the summit. There is nothing more dangerous on such trips than this new-fallen snow, which conceals the crevasses yawning in the glaciers beneath. We were all roped together and as the head guide sounded the snow with his ice axe every step of the way, our progress necessarily was slow and monotonous. But when by means of his ice axe he suddenly discovered that we were on the brink of a snow-covered crevasse which was a veritable death trap, we realized that his precautions were neither perfunctory nor excessive. A few minutes later an avalanche carrying tons of snow, ice and boulders came tearing down about five yards to our right, but so stimulated were we by the altitude and the novelty of the situation that we felt no emotion save a sort of intoxication of ecstasy and awe. Every hour we ate a sandwich, drank a glass of tea and red wine mixed, and rested five minutes standing. Then on and on we pushed doggedly, the last half-hour including a very interesting bit of "rock work." When at last, however, we reached the summit, the dangers

and fatigues of the way were completely forgotten in the strange sublimity of the view. In every direction, as far as the eye could reach, was a region of dazzling white, of lifeless, endless winter. We were tired and cold and hungry and wet, but our keenest, our dominant sensation was one of exhilaration. A new aspect of Nature had been opened to view. Cold she was and cruel in this mood, but incomparably beautiful and pure. And when at last we turned our faces toward the familiar lower levels, it was with a feeling of exultation that this once, at least, it had been our privilege to tread these corridors of flowing ice, to hear the thunders of the avalanche, to gaze face to face upon the Jungfrau, the Queen of the Bernese Alps, with her court of snowy giants, and to enter, as it were, the very Holy of Holies of this mighty temple of Nature to which pilgrims flock from all the ends of the earth — a temple not built with hands, whiter than marble, as enduring as the world itself, and reaching to the very heavens.

CHAPTER XIV

AN AWAKENING

Several years ago, during a summer spent in Champel, Geneva's most attractive suburb, a family of gossipy robins got me into the habit of waking at five in the morning. This would have been a sad predicament in some places, but in Switzerland the law of compensation came to my rescue, and if I was cheated out of my sleep, at least the opportunity was given me to enjoy some memorable walks and to get the benefit of those famous Swiss sunrises which add their touch of morning glory to the lake and mountains around Geneva.

The house we were living in was a quaint eighteenth century villa that had been set down in a beautiful park by the Italian ancestors of our hostess some two hundred years ago. If I am not mistaken, it was the same year that the ancestors of the robins settled in the oak tree under my window. While I was only a bird of passage myself, I had been in Geneva long enough to absorb some of that spirit of profound reverence for all members of all old

families which still clings like a faint aroma of her feudal past about this very democratic city. Probably that is why I got up meekly when the robins woke me and went out to see the sun rise instead of evicting them from their ancestral nest, as I might have been tempted to do in America.

One morning as I walked down to the Jardin des Anglais to watch the sun rise across the lake, the streets seemed very deserted until I came within sight of the steamer landing, where a crowd had gathered waiting for the early boat. As I strolled towards them, thinking to find some energetic compatriots propelled by Cook, I was surprised to discover instead, a company of poorly-dressed men and women standing on the pier waving handkerchiefs and shouting messages to a lot of little boys and girls on the boat, who were waving and shouting in reply.

There was about the scene something of the bustle and excitement of a Hoboken pier when an ocean-liner is preparing to start. In answer to my query, a little pale-faced woman nearby explained that this was the annual departure of poor children sent for a month's outing to the mountains and country by the Geneva branch of the Swiss Vacation Colonies. The decks were swarming with children, each child, with his

traveling outfit done up in a sack or a big handkerchief, feeling and looking as important as though he were embarking for a journey around the world. Everybody seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and from dear old white-haired Monsieur Mittendorf — who collected the tickets as the little travelers arrived, and pinned on the magic blue or pink or yellow ribbon which checked each child safely through to his or her destination — down to the big policeman who kept order, and the crew who were peeping out of the port-hole windows, everybody was excited and happy. To be sure there were the inevitable tears shed by a few of the children whose hearts failed them when the whistle blew and the gang-plank was drawn on board, and I noticed more than one mother using her handkerchief alternately to brush away tears and to wave encouragingly at some small figure which she seemed still able to distinguish after all the little figures were only one blur to me. But the tears that were shed that morning were the kind that flowed from the fountains of joy, as a woman explained to a sailor who was good-naturedly chaffing her for laughing and crying in the same breath.

The crowd on the pier, of fathers and mothers who had snatched just time enough from

their work to wave a farewell to their children who were going off to play, interested me almost more than the ship's load of fortunate little unfortunates.

As I stood there thinking how strange it was that those who do the world's hardest work should be so often the very ones who never get a vacation, the little pale-faced woman at my side confided to me with a flush of excitement that she too was to have an outing. Indeed, her little girl had been accepted this year chiefly in order that the mother, relieved of her care, could be sent for a few months' rest to one of those convalescent homes which are to be found on the outskirts of nearly every Swiss city of any size, and where for one franc a day, poor people dismissed from hospitals, or those who have been dragged down by the year's burdens, may enjoy a season of quiet country life and have a chance to lay the foundation of new strength for the winter's tasks.

One man I noticed in the crowd waving to a little pinched-looking boy on the boat. The band of crepe on his hat corresponding to a black band on the child's sleeve told the pitiful story and gave one a hint of what it must mean to this little chap to be mothered for a few weeks at least by some warm-hearted peasant

in the country. The man's face was drawn and haggard; he leaned heavily against the pier, waving his hand to the last, but the effort seemed to tire him, and after the boat was well off and the crowd gone he stood there still leaning against the pier, gazing listlessly across the lake. Suddenly rousing himself, he glanced at the tower clock, saw it was five minutes to seven, and picking up a chest of tools at his feet, dragged himself wearily off in the direction of his work.

I spoke to him as he was going. "He will surely have a happy time in the country, your boy." He looked at me a moment dumbly, then as if more to himself than to me, said: "Yes, happier than at the house; there is not much happiness there now surely. I don't know what would have become of him alone all day; yes, the country is better than an alley when school is out and the mother is gone. It has been a good thought of someone to help me with the boy. It makes me feel that God may be good, after all." He pulled his cap down over his eyes shamefacedly, as if he had said too much, and not giving me a chance to reply, wished me good day. As I watched him, a queer, envious wish came into my heart; I wished I had been the particular person who had given the money that had gone to buy that

boy's outing, that had — if one may put it that way — helped to buy back this man's faith in God.

Later on in the day I dropped in at the office of Mr. S——, the man who had first mentioned the Vacation Colonies to me, to ask a few questions about the work of the Society. Mr. S—— has two hobbies — vacation colonies and golf, and he abounds in statistics as to both. He insists he can enjoy his own vacation on Scottish links with an easier conscience if he has helped someone else to a summer's outing, and I believe it was about him that I heard some gossip to the effect that when he and his family take a pleasure trip, the exact amount they spend on themselves is set aside to give some poor people a vacation. While the idea is original it seems to work well all around, and when he told me that he was starting for Scotland the next week, I thought instinctively of the little pale-faced sewing-woman and wondered if her outing had any connection with his.

He took my interest in the children as a matter of course, evidently thinking it the result of a talk he had had with me one afternoon two weeks before in the street car going out to Champel. Naturally, he had no means of knowing that, while seemingly listening to him that afternoon, I had been thinking all the time

of a Paris hat I had just bought at a great bargain and was wearing home in triumph. I myself recalled distinctly how on that occasion the glass window halfway open, against which he leaned as he talked, had served as a mirror where I could catch occasional glimpses of how becoming the hat really was. "And such a bargain," I had kept repeating to myself complacently as he had talked of the children—"a real Alphonsine hat—forty dollars, reduced to twenty-one fifty, almost given away," as the milliner had assured me. I recalled guiltily how Monsieur S—— had beamed on me as he got off the car that afternoon. "When people really are interested, I can talk for hours about those children," he had said; "you must come into my office some day and let me tell you more."

It had not occurred to me at the time that I would ever care to accept that invitation, but here I was now, more to my own surprise, evidently, than to his, asking for the promised information. He launched out on the subject with fresh enthusiasm, and this time, you may be sure, I made a great effort to concentrate on the statistics he was giving me; so many children sent, so many francs expended, so many days passed, so much average increase in weight per child, etc.

But, strange to say, the vision of that same hat again intruded itself between him and me as he talked, and as he, stimulated by my apparent interest, enlarged on the subject, giving me statistics of other cantons and other years, I kept thinking about hats bought at different seasons and in other countries — hats that I remembered, with a shudder, had not been “bargains,” since I had paid the full market price for the name sewed on the inside and for that indescribable air on the outside which gives to the well-dressed woman what Emerson calls “that sense of inward peace which religion is powerless to bestow.” But this time neither the thought of my clothes, nor my religion, brought me any peace. My religion seemed to be mocking me and those hats fairly haunted me. They piled themselves up in my memory, one high above the other; such quantities there were — several every year — and they seemed to arrange themselves in the form of a monument — one huge monument for a lot of little graves of children whose lives might have been saved with a part of the money which they had cost!

I got up suddenly, interrupting Monsieur S——, for from thinking of hats I was getting started on dressmakers’ bills, and I felt that I should go crazy if I began to calculate how

many children could have been sent to the country for the price of one Paris gown. He was just concluding: "It is hard to draw the line taut and refuse little pinched children for lack of a small sum, for you see how far a little money can be made to go in this work."

"Yes," I answered slowly, as I finished some tentative scribbling on the back of my check-book, "I see — one child for one month at one franc a day; thirty francs, or six dollars cash expenditure. One month of country air, one month of good, nourishing food, and a chance to get a head start on the high road to health again; besides," I continued, remembering that father's words, "returns mental and spiritual that one cannot calculate. As you say, you can make a little money go a long way — I should like to see if a little money that was going as far as Paris can't be made to go a little farther still in your hands."

As I was leaving he handed me some leaflets giving the statistics of all the Vacation Colonies in Switzerland for 1904, and as I read how this one society had given an outing that year to over forty-three hundred poor children, while many more had been sent to the country or taken for daily afternoon excursions by other societies, I wondered how the statistics of one American city — say New York, for instance

— with about the same population as all of Switzerland, would compare with these. Certainly the need of city children in America to be got out of reeking tenement-house districts is infinitely greater than that of Swiss children, whose condition cannot begin to be compared in misery and poverty with theirs. I recalled an article which had failed to make much of an impression on me at the time, in which Jacob Riis made a plea for the four or five thousand children in New York tenements alone, "crippled and maimed by that terrible scourge of ill-nourished childhood — bone tuberculosis — of whom only one in a hundred" ever gets a chance to prove how God's fresh air can work its work of healing.

I thought of the sixty thousand such children he mentioned, scattered over the United States, criminally neglected; most of whom are left to die or to grow up stunted and deformed, as well as to spread broadcast the contagion of their malady. I thought of the thousands upon thousands of other children in New York City — weak and ill-fed, but not yet diseased — stifling in the back-tenement districts, with never a breath of pure, fresh air, nor a glimpse of the sea which is so close that it laps the very shores of the great island city. I thought of the misery of the factory children in different parts of

America, unprotected by the state, driven by the grim taskmaster, Poverty, to drag out a life that is worse than death. I seemed suddenly to hear a chorus of these children's voices calling from across the ocean, to see myriads of little hands stretched vainly out for help, and my face flushed with righteous indignation to think that America should fall so far short of little Switzerland in caring for its future citizens and rulers.

Was there, indeed, no way out of their misery, I asked myself; was no response being made to their cry? I recalled vaguely that great movements were going forward for the protection of children, and for their rescue from vicious surroundings. Then suddenly it occurred to me to stop generalizing on so vast a scale and to bring the subject nearer home; to lay less emphasis on the failure of Americans in general, and more on the failure of one young American in particular, whom I, at least, without injustice might call to account. What interest or part had I taken in helping on this work, I asked myself. When had I ever lifted so much as my little jeweled finger to save one of the least of these little ones? Was it possible that my own indifference could in any slightest degree be held accountable for the blighting of one small life? And was my indifference

the result of carelessness or ignorance, or was it just a flat refusal to admit that I was in any sense a keeper of these children — a refusal to take any part in their affairs, even though it were an affair of life or death to them?

Gradually vague questions began to shape themselves in my mind, questions which a few months before I would have dismissed with disdain as too impractical to be worth considering; questions, for instance, as to whether the unnecessarily expensive clothes on my back and other personal luxuries I indulged in could have any possible connection with the state of my soul.

"Was there," I asked myself, "in all the mass of suffering and injustice about me, at least some infinitesimal part that might be wiped out if I were really awake, soul as well as body? And was it at all possible to be awake spiritually and yet have my eyes shut to these things?" I had a feeling that the answers to such questions might upset all my comfortable theories as to my own personal exemption from responsibility for the misery which, paradoxical as it may seem, I had up to this time regarded as somehow a part of the divine order of things. But slowly it began to dawn on me that to questions such as these my whole life could be my only answer.

The thought of my poor, neglected little compatriots had made me half regret for a moment that check for the Swiss children. But, after all, I concluded, was it not they who had really waked me more truly than the robins at the dawn of this new day? And could one who had slumbered in selfish ease so long, count any price too great for this awakening to life of that divine germ we call the Soul, through which God's love pours in to strengthen us only in proportion as our love pours out to strengthen others?

I had gone out to see a sunrise, and a light that was older than the sunlight had begun to shine for me. I had "gained an abyss where a dewdrop was asked."

I forgot to say that the sun did rise that morning, as usual, only I was too busy thinking about the children, and the hats, and the statistics to pay much attention to it. You see the sun gets up every morning, everywhere, only it is not every day, nor everywhere that poor little children are bundled out of tenements and alleys into God's country. "Wouldn't it be good," I thought, "if all the little poor children could be as sure of their outing as that the sun would rise? And wouldn't it be better still if, some day—a day whose coming I might hasten—the sun would rise on a world where there were no little poor children at all!"

CHAPTER XV

A POLITICAL PILGRIMAGE

The personality of Switzerland like that of Italy is unique. But while the all-pervasive and dominant influence south of the Alps is that of art, in the little republic to their north the omnipresent, ever-creative national spirit is the spirit of democracy. Upon entering its borders the observant traveler finds himself lifted into an atmosphere of intellectual liberty, political equality and social justice. In fact, the work of this "political experiment station of the world" is of such incomparable importance that a first-hand knowledge of its methods and institutions has become as invaluable to the student of politics as is a personal acquaintance with the masterpieces of Italian painting to the student of art.

Among the institutions in operation there, the most important is the Initiative and Referendum — a system of direct popular control of the law-making power which has been adopted elsewhere to a limited degree. Its results have attracted the attention of students

the world over, and tempted travelers to a more than passing inquiry. Many a tourist has turned amateur investigator and converted, as I did, his Swiss sojourn into something of a political pilgrimage.

The referendum is in the air and you cannot escape it. You meet it at every turn; you hear of it in the restaurants, on steamship docks, in the railroad trains. Almost every chance acquaintance has at least a word to say regarding it. It was but a few hours after I had unpacked my luggage at Lucerne that I began to hear of it and its benefits. Next to me at the *table d'hôte* dinner sat a big raw-boned Texan and beside him a small Swiss gentleman with a pointed beard. Their conversation bore upon this interesting institution, which my compatriot was by no means sure could be adopted with profit by the United States.

"I reckon this referendum, as you call it, may work all right in a little two-by-four country like yours," said the Texan, "but you needn't get puffed up on that account, and try to teach a country that can whip all Europe."

"I hope you will not forget," replied the Swiss, "that my country has a larger area than some of your states and a larger population than the average of them. Therefore, if the referendum has worked well in Switzerland,

as every one concedes it has, unless you can find some better objection than your unwieldy bulk, you must admit that it would work well in your separate states. We tried it first in two or three of our cantons, where it proved so successful that one by one the other cantons adopted it, and finally, when by the unmistakable test of experience we had proved its incomparable merits, we adopted it for the nation. Try it in your states first, and have no fear it will win its own way in your nation."

"Perhaps I don't entirely understand the workings of this referendum," said the Texan.

"I have figured it out," said a Yankee across the table. "You say you are a stock-raiser. Suppose you were to tell your hired man to fence off a certain lot for the hogs, and he'd reply that he would do nothing of the kind. What would you do?"

"I'd discharge him, sir, in one-half minute, sir!" said the Southerner.

"Quite right! But, suppose a little later another farm-hand, on being told to plant a certain field in cotton, were to plant it in oats, what would you say to that?"

"I'd order him off my premises, sir!"

"But," continued the Yankee, "are not state representatives and congressmen the servants of the people?"

"Assuredly, sir," replied the Texan, anticipating the other's idea, "but in America, if our congressmen pass a law which we do not like, or neglect to pass a law we want, we turn them down, sir, at the polls at the very next election."

"Indeed," replied the Yankee, "but to go back to the farmhand, would you want him around your place for two years, squandering your money, neglecting your interests, disobeying and insulting you, before turning him down or knocking him down as the case might be? I think not. And that is where the initiative and referendum come in. You need not wait till the next election to veto a measure you don't want or to get one that you do. It is very simple; you merely go over the heads of your servants when they cease to observe your wishes. Why should the people wait until another election before turning down such rascals as the members of the legislature of Illinois, and of the Chicago City Council, who in 1898 gave to Yerkes twenty-five million dollars' worth of franchises in spite of the protests of nearly the whole commonwealth? To defeat such men at the polls is to lock the door after the horse is stolen. This fatal political procrastination is only too common in the United States. Take another example: Some years

ago the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia got control of the city council at a good fat figure, and was thus able to lease for thirty years at an exceedingly lean and low figure the gas plant which the city had owned and operated for fifty-six years. This nauseating performance was violently but ineffectually opposed by every decent American 'sovereign' in the city. The referendum would have made such a steal impossible."

"If that is the referendum and initiative, sir," said the Texan, "if it simply means being obeyed by our public servants, why, that is democracy, and you can count not only on me but on a 200,000 majority for it in Texas as soon as our people have come to understand it. And mind you, what we are ready to vote for down there we are ready to fight for."

"Don't, pray, let us even discuss such a thing," puffed a fat bishop from New York, who had overheard the conversation. "This would mean nothing less than ochlocracy. Representative government is all right, but this referendum means downright mob rule. It is un-American, it is unconstitutional and leads to anarchy."

"Pardon me," replied the Swiss suavely, "but has it not been said: 'By their fruits ye shall know them'? Are you agreed to that?"

"Yes," replied the bishop stiffly.

"Very well; here are the facts: The referendum was opposed at first in Switzerland by the wealthy and the learned, the conservative and reactionary forces of society. Today, after a trial of over a quarter of a century, its chief opponents are the most radical Socialists, who find the great body of the people too conservative in their movements. In fact, the Federal Referendum has defeated more bills than it has passed. The referendum upon federal statute laws was secured in 1874. From that date until 1913 the National Congress passed 273 measures, of a general character, upon which the referendum could have been demanded. It was actually demanded upon only 31 of these laws, of which 12 were adopted and 19 rejected by the people. During this period, 30 amendments to the Federal Constitution have been submitted to the people, of which 14 were adopted and 16 rejected. Do you see anything dangerous about that?"

"Well, no — ah — of course, I was just — er — venturing an opinion. I have given the matter little study or thought. Perhaps there may be some truth in what you say," and he waddled off wheezing, perspiring and, who knows? — perhaps thinking.

The referendum is not altogether new to

the people of the United States. We use it in every state in the Union, except Delaware, when adopting or altering a state constitution. In fifteen states the capital cannot be changed; in eleven no law can be passed for incurrence of debt not specified in the constitution; and in seven no laws can be passed establishing banking corporations without recourse to the referendum. Many other states make the referendum compulsory for a multitude of different kinds of legislation. The custom of referring to popular vote a proposition of a purely local nature, such as voting bonds to purchase a park, a light or water plant, to build school-houses, or what not, is very common in American cities and is the legislative referendum pure and simple.

During the past fifteen years the initiative and referendum have made such progress in American states and cities as to make of this movement towards *effective democracy* perhaps the most significant political fact of our time. By decisive majorities they have been made a part of the fundamental law of the land by the voters of South Dakota in 1898, Utah in 1900, Oregon in 1902, Nevada in 1905 and 1912, Montana in 1906, Oklahoma in 1907, Maine and Missouri in 1908, Arkansas and Colorado in 1910, Arizona and California in 1911, Ne-

braska, Idaho, Washington and Ohio in 1912, and Michigan in 1913.

But while this record shows the wide-spread acceptance and triumph of the principle of popular sovereignty, it is just as well to remember that in the states of South Dakota, Maine, Montana and Washington the people are not allowed the right to initiate amendments to their state constitutions, and that various "jokers" have been embodied in the South Dakota, Montana and Oklahoma provisions for the initiative and referendum which have largely prevented the people of these states from making a successful use of these instruments of democracy.

Moreover, the fact must not be ignored, that in several states the constitutional amendments for direct legislation have been so drawn as to give the people little real control, and in two cases absolutely no control, over their government. For example, in Utah and Idaho only the "general principle" of direct legislation was incorporated into the constitution, the details of the system being left to legislative enactment. The result has been that for the past thirteen years the legislature of Utah has stubbornly refused to pass the necessary enabling act, and the people of that state have never been permitted the use of the initiative

and referendum. In like manner, in November, 1912, the people of Idaho passed a similar amendment, but the legislature which met in January, 1913, refused to carry out the clearly understood mandate of the people.

Thus far in the year 1913 the legislatures of North Dakota, Wisconsin and Texas have submitted amendments which will be voted on by the people at the general election of 1914, and the legislature of Iowa has passed an amendment which, if endorsed by the legislature meeting in 1915, will be submitted to the people of that state in 1916. But unfortunately, the Wisconsin constitutional amendment is the only one passed this year which can be regarded as an honest and effective effort to make practical use of the principle of the initiative and referendum. Such provisions as that in the Texas amendment, requiring a petition of 20 per cent. of the voters in the state to invoke either the initiative or the referendum, is an absurdity upon the face of it, and practically renders the law inoperative.

However, in splendid contrast to some of these other states, Oregon, Colorado, Arkansas, California and Arizona have provided for an intelligent and effective use of the initiative and referendum.

The people of Illinois and of the other

states that are considering the adoption of the principle of direct legislation are beginning to see clearly that it is far better to have no legislation whatever upon the subject than to pass a law so filled with restrictions and "jokers" that it would be of no use whatever as an instrument of democracy, but would actually serve to discredit the great principle of direct popular control of legislation.

The movement toward real democracy has become so irresistible that the platforms of all political parties, except in the most reactionary states, contain planks demanding direct legislation.

In the future, the most pernicious enemies of democracy will be not the open and honest opponents of this principle, but the crafty and unscrupulous political tricksters who, with hypocritical and sonorous phrases on their lips, seek to betray the principle of the initiative and referendum by slipping provisions into our laws which either render it inoperative or render its operation ineffectual. Let us make no mistake. *The real danger to popular government lies in the Judas kiss of its professed friends, with the pass-words of democracy on their lips, perfidious legislative "jokers" in their hands, the golden shekels of plutocracy in their pockets, and treason to the people in their hearts.*

The Swiss people have achieved genuine self-government. It is this feature of the Swiss Republic — the power of the people to thwart all legislation destructive of their best interests, and to enact into law any and all measures that will minister to their welfare — which is the kill and cure of corruption in politics. It is this popular prerogative which has made the statesmanship of Switzerland at once conservative and constructive, which has in truth made this little mass of mountains, forests and lakes the "model republic of the world."

A striking illustration of the value of the initiative and referendum came when I went to Interlaken. There I met a Yale student, a native of Connecticut who had never seen anything higher than the Berkshire hills. Very early in our acquaintance I discovered in him a constitutional prejudice against certain categories of ideas which he termed "advanced" and especially against any suggestion that squinted in the direction of an extension of the sphere of government. This feeling of his gave rise to some very interesting discussions and amusing episodes. I recall one especially memorable conversation. He had become so enthusiastic over the Swiss mountains, lakes and people that he actually proposed establishing himself permanently in the country.

"I will offer you," I said, "the same advice that Punch gave to a man about to be married — 'don't!' If you feel that you have outgrown New England, you are ready for the West. There you will meet kindred spirits, graduates from every state in the East."

"What part of the country are you from?"

"I am from the heart of the country — the great Mississippi valley."

"You don't mean to say," he broke forth, "that you are from the region where the Progressives, Bryan Democrats and Populists hail from?"

"I am from the region which started the struggle for the freedom of the slave, and which has generally been in the van of the forces which have been fighting the fight of the people against organized greed."

"But didn't I understand that you were a Harvard man and that you have been studying politics abroad for several years?"

I nodded an affirmative.

"Surely," he continued, with a gleam of hope in his eye, "you don't believe in those half-baked, a million times exploded socialistic vagaries of the government-ownership cranks?"

"For instance?"

"Oh, government railroads and telegraphs, state monopoly of liquor, and all that other

balderdash you hear from people who know nothing of economics or —”

“ Listen for an instant,” I replied. “ Did you know that the government-ownership cranks are in control in Switzerland? ”

“ Go ahead,” he responded, “ amuse yourself! If you get dangerous, I’ll have you taken to a hospital.”

“ Do you see that man? ” I said, pointing to a Herculean figure just entering the smoking-room. “ That is Herr Z——, a Swiss captain of industry. He is now engaged in one of the most remarkable engineering feats of modern times — building a railroad up the Jungfrau. I had an interesting conversation with him the other day. Would you like to meet him? ”

He assented, and we approached the Swiss magnate. After presenting him I said: “ Herr Z——, does Switzerland own her own telegraphs, telephones and railroads? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Does the government manage an express company and diligence lines in connection with the post-office? ”

“ Yes, yes! But why do you ask? ”

“ And does the government have a monopoly on spirits, and is it contemplating one on tobacco? Does it have an Inheritance and In-

come tax, the Initiative and Referendum and Proportional Representation?"

"Of course we have all these institutions and more," said Herr Z—, "but why do you ask? Surely you knew this before?"

"Yes, but I am sorry to say that here is a young man to whom all this is not only unexpected but startling. Tell us, then, has experience proved that it is best for the government to own and control natural monopolies?"

"If not, we should not be continually nationalizing new industries as fast as they become monopolies. This plan is a complete success — it is beneficial to rich and poor alike. The only ones injured are those who try to make illegitimate monopoly profits. It checkmates their game to the advantage of all legitimate business."

"But does not this system develop much rascality and rottenness among government officials?"

"Not at all! Most decidedly no! Corruption in politics, wherever it exists on a large scale, is chiefly the result of powerful private monopolies influencing to their own advantage the affairs of state. There is but one remedy for this; monopoly control of government must give way to government ownership and control of monopolies. But this is not the

whole story. This method works well because our officials are honest, and our officials are honest partly because there are no great private monopolies here attempting to influence them, and partly because in this country the politicians have but a limited control of the government. If politicians were allowed to run the government here, as they do in many countries, the advent of government ownership would mean merely a change from monopolistic control of politicians to political control of monopolies. But this vicious circle has been avoided because in Switzerland with the people themselves lies final jurisdiction."

I thanked him while the Yale graduate departed to walk off an attack of acute mental indigestion.

At Basle a few days later my Yale friend proposed that we get some Cook's circular tickets and devote a fortnight to making a grand tour of Switzerland.

"Cook's tickets," he explained, "will be not only cheaper than tickets bought from place to place, but also much less troublesome. And do not overlook the fact," he added, as he started for Cook's office, "that this is an instance of a private company improving on the arrangements of your government railroads."

"Don't get any ticket for me," I shouted

after him, for, in spite of a sneaking feeling that he was right, I determined not to give in until I had played my last card. Hastening down to the station I discovered not only that the government sold circular tickets at reduced rates, but that it had recently introduced a new form of ticket called an *abonnement general*, good for continuous travel during two weeks, a month, or six weeks, on all main railroad and steamship lines in the country. I gleefully bought a second-class fifteen-day *abonnement* for eleven dollars, and hastened back to the hotel, where I found my friend so pleased with his circular ticket for which he had paid about one-third more than I hadn't the heart to say anything about my own purchase.

When our tickets were examined on the train he glanced at mine in an inquiring sort of way, but I merely remarked that I had got hold of a new combination, and would know after a few days' trial whether or not it was a success. At Lucerne, where we took a boat ride up and down the lake several times just for the lazy delightfulness of the trip, he seemed annoyed at always having to pay while my ticket gave me the right to ride whenever I liked "without money and without price." At Rorschack on Lake Constance, where we made a little side trip to St. Gall and Appenzell before going up

to the Falls of the Rhine, again he appeared suddenly disconcerted at being obliged to pay the regular fare, while I, like a railroad magnate traveling on a pass, had to give the conductor only a glimpse of my magical *abonnement*. The climax came, however, when on our return to Basle we decided to go over to Arolla for a month's mountain climbing. The discovery that I still had time to make the trip before the expiration of my ticket, whereas his car-fare would amount to about five dollars more, made him too furious for words.

While talking over this trip with the hotel porter he found that by sending our baggage straight through to Arolla we could go by rail and steamer to Frutigen, thence on foot over the Gemmi Pass to the Baths of Leuk, and from there on again by diligence, rail and our own feet to Arolla.

"It will cost about ten dollars," he told me, "to express both trunks and our three valises to Arolla, but I believe the trip will be worth it."

When the porter, after attending to the shipping, presented us with a bill for \$2.85, the Yale man suggested that there must be some mistake. "Didn't I tell you," he demanded, "to send our baggage to the Hotel Mont Collon at Arolla in the Valais?"

"Yes," said the porter, "and so I did."

"But," he urged, "it takes about ten hours by train, six hours by diligence, and two hours and a half by mule to get to Arolla. Do you mean to tell me that the express company charges only \$2.85 for transporting that mass of baggage up there?"

"Don't worry him," I said; "you forget that here we are not being robbed by an express company as is our custom at home, but are being served by that wonderful institution, the Swiss Postal Department."

After our descent from Arolla, on several occasions I invited him to go with me to investigate the workings of the cantonal and Federal banks. At Glarus we went to see the government salt mines, and at other places inspected government coal mines, cement factories, gunpowder factories, etc. But he never became enthusiastic over these trips, seeming at once to lose all interest in an enterprise on learning that it was managed by the government.

One day we started from Martigny to walk across the Tete Noir to Chamounix — meaning to return in two days and go on with our party to Zermat. But the air was so exhilarating and the mountains so enticing that we could not resist the temptation to spend two or three days

climbing the smaller peaks in the vicinity of Mt. Blanc. We had left behind both our letters of credit, and when finally we were able to tear ourselves away and had paid our guide, our porter and our hotel bills, we suddenly discovered that we had barely enough money to get us to Geneva. On arriving there we were on the point of wiring friends at Martigny for funds, when we saw a pawn-shop and my friend rushed in and pawned a diamond scarf-pin.

"I suppose that is the last of my pin," he said as he came out, "but it was the easiest and quickest way to get the money."

As we were passing through Geneva the following week he stopped and redeemed his pin. The fee was so ridiculously small that he felt called upon to expostulate — though not perhaps so profanely as he did when bills were too large. The attendant looked at him pityingly and said: "Young man, we are here to serve the public, not to take advantage of its necessities. You have paid the regular fee. I have nothing to do with the charge; this is a government institution."

He sneaked out and said nothing, but I could see that he was "hard hit."

A month or so later, finding ourselves in Zurich, we went to see one of the famous "Relief

Stations" where men who are tramping from town to town looking for work find clean quarters, a wholesome moral atmosphere and nourishing food — all at no cost. There are thirty-six such stations in the canton of Zurich alone, all supported at the public expense.

The place seemed quite as comfortable as our Salvation Army lodging-houses, and its inmates apparently were an honest, self-respecting lot who regarded the station not as a charitable institution but as a very proper convenience provided by a wise government for the unemployed members of its industrial army. Some of them were young fellows taking advantage of this opportunity to see the world, to learn new tricks in their trades and to prospect for better paying jobs; others were men in the prime of life, genuine "out-of-works" anxiously looking for regular employment; while still others belonged to the class of grizzled veterans of industry who, being a little the worse for wear, invariably are the first to be laid on the shelf in times of economic depression.

I asked one of them if he had ever been in a labor colony. "No," he said, flushing slightly, "it may some time come to that, but when I get too old to keep my place in the ranks I hope with the aid of my children to be able to get a

little truck farm. Labor colonies are places where those of us who have failed but who are not yet quite ready for the scrap-heap or the bone-pile are enabled to contribute somewhat to our own support. They are a mild form of charity, but their inmates none the less are paupers."

There is a free employment bureau in each station, and the management is authorized to supply clothes and shoes to those in dire need. In some cases it gives to men who are completely "broke" fifty or seventy-five cents for use in case of emergency. When any of them are ill they are sent at once to the splendid public hospitals.

"Doesn't this sort of thing have a tendency to encourage idleness and thriftlessness?" I asked of the superintendent.

"Not at all," he replied; "in fact, quite the contrary. We are most careful to discriminate between the worker and the bum. The whole mission of these stations is, by putting the men in the way of taking care of themselves, to keep the temporarily idle worker from degenerating into a bum. Every lodger is required to show his 'traveling warrant,' a sort of industrial passport which is stamped and dated at each station, thus preserving a complete record of each man's movements. Anyone who has had

no work for three months or who refuses to work or who has no 'traveling warrant' is relegated immediately to the work-house. Moreover, as a rule, no one is allowed to stop at the same station more than once in six months."

At Geneva we called on M. Jean Sigg — the Geneva representative of the Federal Working-men's Secretary, an official who is paid by the government and elected by the labor unions. This secretary has done much good work in a variety of ways, such as collecting statistics, advising the unions as well as their individual members and helping to settle labor troubles by arbitration. We discussed with M. Sigg the interesting experiments which have been carried on in several cantons with insurance against lack of employment. He said the results had not yet been decisive for or against the system.

"In addition to all these palliative measures," he continued, "Switzerland by constantly increasing its facilities for technical education has been increasing the industrial efficiency of its workers and decreasing their liability to loss of employment; but we feel that if there is any one lesson which our varied experience teaches, it is this: that only by solving the greater problems of the organization of

industry and the distribution of wealth can the question of the unemployed be effectually disposed of. This question is but an outward symptom of a deep-seated social disease: the exploitation of one man by another, or in its aggravated form, the exploitation of all men by huge soulless corporate monsters. When once we have healed ourselves of this dread disease, quickly the army of the unemployed, with all its camp followers of vice and crime, will fold its tents and silently steal away, and its departure this time will be final."

During the latter part of the season the Yale man never seemed to tire of questioning all sorts and conditions of men about the practical workings of Swiss institutions. On one occasion he unearthed a perfect mine of information by cross-examining a Swiss fellow-traveler while going from Geneva to Berne. "Tell me," he demanded, "your telephone and telegraph service is cheap, and your express charges, diligence, steamer and railroad fares are low. But we are told by many college professors and most newspapers and magazines in America, that were our government to enter business, not being as economical and sagacious as a private company, it must do one of two things: give inferior service at high rates, or run at a

loss and make up the deficit in taxes. Your government service is excellent; your rates are low; do you have a yearly deficit?"

"True; our rates are low and our service good," answered the Swiss; "and once in a great while some branch of the government service has a deficit. This is advertised abroad with the greatest publicity by private companies to discourage government enterprises elsewhere. But on the average our government enterprises make a handsome profit and lessen our taxes enormously."

"Well and good," interrupted the Yale man doggedly, "with some of your government concerns, but you will hardly pretend, I think, to be proud of the fact that your government helps pay your taxes from the profits of an alcohol monopoly — it is the devil's own business."

"But our government does nothing of the kind," said the other; "the profits from the sale of alcohol do not replace taxes, but are divided among the cantons and are added to the existing educational funds, and a goodly percentage each year is devoted to fighting intemperance or to charities made necessary by intemperance. The result has been that since the advent of the government monopoly, December 23, 1886, the consumption of alcohol

has fallen off forty per cent. The object of this government monopoly is, indeed, not revenue, for Switzerland stands unique among the nations of the world in this, that, far from going deeper in debt every year, she had property, on January 1, 1913, called the Federal Fortune, amounting to 241,144,619 francs or \$48,228,-924. Her national debt¹ is only 125,069,774 francs or \$25,013,955, leaving a federal fortune, free and clear, of 116,074,845 francs, or \$23,214,969. In addition to this, the separate cantons, communes and municipalities have fortunes amounting up into the millions."

All this, I thought, in a country which, as someone has said, "is the poorest in Europe from the standpoint of natural advantages."

Some of the Swiss towns are so rich that they levy no taxes, and at Buchs in St. Gall, in addition to this exemption, every citizen receives gratis more than an acre of land which he may cultivate, firewood for the winter, and grazing ground for several cattle. The town of Soleme in Schaffhausen has forests, pastures and cultivated lands worth about 6,000,000 francs. The canton of Obwald with 15,000 inhabitants

¹ This does not include the railroad debt, which is being liquidated automatically every year from the net profits of the roads, and which is more than counterbalanced by the value of the railroads themselves.

has lands and forests valued at 11,350,000 francs. These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely, for nearly every commune and canton has public lands. The important fact, however, is not that the Swiss governments, national, state and municipal, are wealthy, but that the private wealth of the country is so diffused among the people that, roughly speaking, two-thirds of the heads of families are agricultural landholders.

That evening as we were having a quiet smoke, the Yale man reopened the discussion. "I have been carrying on some investigations of my own," he said, "and I have discovered that, in spite of all the admirable features connected with the Swiss form of government, there is one very undesirable feature which the Swiss, like the rest of us, seem unable to get rid of."

"And what is that?"

"Bosses," he replied pensively rather than triumphantly, for insensibly of late he had been assuming a more sympathetic attitude toward Swiss political institutions. "From what I can learn, every city and canton has its political boss who dominates his party, and through it dominates the municipality or canton, just as our bosses rule our cities and states at home.

Human nature is human nature after all — no matter what political methods are employed. Men love to be led, and so far as I can see, the rank and file of the voters are led around by the nose here just as they are in every other so-called ‘self-governing’ country in the world.”

“I would not for a moment attempt to deny that there is a good deal of truth in what you say,” I responded, “but I think perhaps you have overlooked an important distinction. With one or two exceptions Swiss political leaders, or ‘bosses’ as you call them, have gained their ascendancy, as have Wilson, Bryan, Roosevelt and La Follette, principally by the ability and desire they have shown to serve the people, and only secondarily by their efficiency in building up strong political organizations. Nearly all the political leaders of all political parties in Switzerland are of this type. So far as I have been able to discover, the Croker, Platt type, which robs or betrays the people in order to enrich itself and its friends, is not to be found anywhere in Switzerland except in the canton of Fribourg, the only canton which has no Initiative and Referendum. This difference you will see is absolutely fundamental.

“But let me make myself plain on another point,” I continued. “I do not harbor the de-

lusion that Switzerland is a paradise. It is true that the Swiss have less grinding poverty and less vice per capita than any other country in the world, with the possible exception of New Zealand, yet one finds numbers of poor people, lazy people and dishonest people, as well as much drunkenness, even in Switzerland. While it is evident the Swiss have disposed of many problems which at present are perplexing the rest of the world, it is equally evident that they have many serious problems still confronting them. Will they be able to solve these problems? I do not know. Will they continue to progress in the future as they have in the past? I hope so, but even more do I hope that the United States and the rest of the world will be able to put to practical use the splendid discoveries which the Swiss already have made in the realm of state-craft."

"Curious, isn't it?" mused my compatriot between puffs at his pipe. "The Swiss are the only people in the world with a larger capital than their indebtedness—and yet," he exclaimed, suddenly rising and speaking with great earnestness, "what does that amount to? Their greatest capital is in the civic sagacity, civic energy and civic purity of their citizens. Most of their voters have made politics their business, and statesmanlike politics has made

of every legitimate business a success. I am very much tempted when I get home to go in for politics myself."

"Switzerland has perhaps more numerous government activities," he continued, "and yet less 'paternalism,' than any country in the world. I could not understand this for a long time, but that was because I had not yet achieved the national point of view. According to that view, the people by means of the Initiative and Referendum are the government, and consequently whatever it does for them is self-help and not 'paternalism.' Switzerland has worked out, not only a successful political democracy, but also to a certain extent a successful industrial democracy. It has only one or two lonesome little corporation-owned 'bosses,' and no Napoleons of finance, no oil kings, no robber coal barons."

I was so astonished I could only grasp his hand.

"If the American people," he continued, "could see what I have seen this summer — *progressive democracy in practice* — they could not fail to realize that our present era of corporation regulation is of interest chiefly as the precursor of a more fundamental and rational régime of gradually and conservatively worked out social reconstruction."

CHAPTER XVI

THE STRANGE CASE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND JULES SIMONEAU

During a winter on the Pacific coast we found a delightful bit of Europe transplanted to American soil. At Monterey two essentially old-world characters had lived, and one was still living, in a setting of vineyards, orchards, and blue sky, reminiscent of the *Midi* of France, Italy, or Spain. From the personality of Jules Simoneau and the traces and traditions of Robert Louis Stevenson still to be found there and at San Francisco, we carried away as vivid and as delightful impressions as any we had gained on foreign shores.

All roads in California lead the tourist to the quaint town of Monterey, the "old Pacific capital," with its picturesque missions, its early Spanish theatre, its many monuments of a by-gone age and a vanished people. For the life of Monterey is all in retrospect; its shops deal in antiquities, its cypresses are centuries old,

and the chimes that ring out from the mission tower are voices of the past, faint echoes of that far-off time when they called the Indians to San Carlos Mission to hear the glad tidings Father Junipero Serra had come across the seas to tell.

But among all the relics of the past, to me the most interesting was Jules Simoneau, friend of Stevenson, who in the early days welcomed that "Prince of Vagabonds" to his little Bohemian restaurant and to his big French heart with such generous hospitality and such genuine love that Mrs. Stevenson, writing to him afterward from Scotland when Stevenson was too ill to write himself, said: "His heart yearns to be in some sort of communication with 'his dear Simoneau,' as he always calls you, even though it is at second hand and through my pen. Your friendship and kindness to Mr. Stevenson are among the few things he can remember with unalloyed pleasure connected with his stay in California. He cannot speak of it now without tears in his eyes."

In a New York periodical,¹ a writer, mentioning Simoneau in connection with Stevenson, evidently unaware of the intimacy of which I am about to give proofs, says: "Something

¹ *The Book Buyer*, May, 1899.

very like a friendship ripened between them." As to Stevenson's own estimate of the relationship we have only to turn to the letters he wrote Simoneau. Through these he, being dead, may yet speak of his love and gratitude. Some one has said: "A man is better read by the letters he receives than those he writes." After seeing Simoneau I felt it was indeed a privilege to be able to read this delightful character through the medium of Stevenson's letters; but truly they cast their light both ways and reveal as much the tender heart of the master as the goodness of the old man.

Aside from the evidence they give of Stevenson's happy faculty for making friends and even lovers among all classes, these letters are rarely interesting in that they mark the transition from poverty to ease, from the period of unrecognized struggle to that of dawning fame. They come to us fresh and buoyant out of the heart of that happy time at Hyères in the South of France, of which he wrote from his island exile to Sidney Colvin: "Men thought you asked me — frankly — was I happy. 'Happy? (said I) I was only happy once; that was at Hyères.' " The picture of that happiness which he draws for the old man has only one blot to mar its beauty. "Now I am in clover," he writes, "only my health a

mere ruined temple; the ivy grows along its shattered front. Otherwise I have no wish that is not fulfilled; — a beautiful small house in a beautiful large garden, a fine view of plain, sea and mountains, a wife that suits me down to the ground and a barrel of good Beaujolais. To this I must add that my books grow steadily more popular; and if I could only avoid illness, I should be well to do for money; as it is I keep pretty near the wind."

Most of the letters are in French, greetings for the exile from his own land in his own tongue. It is interesting to note Stevenson's perfect command of French and his peculiar literary charm, which even in this foreign language at times is manifest. There are no dates, a characteristic of Stevenson's correspondence, but one letter explains a longer silence than usual by saying he had lain for weeks between life and death;² but that now his strength was returning, and — "It is with a real joy that I find myself able to assure you that I shall never forget you, that our good friendship and all our happy times together are and shall be forever cherished in my memory. No," he adds, "I would be a poor creature if I should forget what I owe to Papa Simoneau." And again he protests: "Do not think that I have for-

² His illness of May, 1884.

gotten you or that I ever shall forget you. Nothing of the kind. I hold your good memory very close and I will guard it till death."

And this again from the sick chamber to reassure the old man:

"Write me then very soon, dear Simoneau, and as for me I promise you that you will hear talk of me very soon. I will write you again shortly and send you one of my books. This is only a grip of the hand. Your friend,

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

And this, in a letter written in English:

"It would be difficult to tell you how glad I was to get your letter with your good news and kind remembrance. It did my heart good to the bottom. I shall never forget the good times we had together, the many long talks, the games of chess, the flute on occasion, and the excellent food."

Then in another French letter as to his writing, which begins to be recognized:

"I work hard. I begin not to be the last, and that which spoils nothing, they begin to pay me a trifle more for my little foolishnesses. Already they contend among themselves for what I write, and I cannot complain of what they call the fees."

And this apropos of an incident of overbearingness that has aroused his disgust:

" But the race of man was born tyrannical; doubtless Adam beat Eve, and when all the rest are dead, the last man will be found beating the last dog!"

Here is a characteristic observation which the Englishman in France writes the Frenchman in America :

" All races are better away from their own country, but I think you French improve the most of all. At home I like you well enough, but give me the Frenchman abroad; had you stayed at home you would probably have acted otherwise. Consult your consciousness and you will think as I do. How about a law condemning the people of any country to be educated in another, change sons, in short! Should we not gain all round? Would not the Englishman unlearn hypocrisy? Would not the Frenchman learn to put some heart into his friendship? I name what strikes me as the two most obvious defects of the two nations. The French may also learn to be less capricious to women and the English to be a little more honest. Indeed their merits and defects make a balance:

<i>The English</i>	<i>The French</i>
Hypocrites	Free from hypocrisy
Good, stout, reliable friends	Incapable of friendship
Dishonest to the root	Fairly honest
Fairly decent to women	Rather indecent to women

" Here is my table, not at all the usual one, but yet I think you will agree with it, and by travel each race can cure much of its defects and acquire much of

the other's virtues in turn. Let us say that you and I are complete! You are, anyway. I would not change a hair of you. The Americans hold the English faults, dishonesty and hypocrisy, perhaps not as strongly, but still to the exclusion of others. It is strange that such defects should be so hard to eradicate after a century of separation."

Our party had heard only by chance as we were leaving Monterey that Simoneau was still living there, still glad "to discuss the problems of the universe" with others as he had with Stevenson. The problems of the universe did not interest us so much just then as the reminiscences of which we heard he was full, and though we had only two hours before our train left, we hurried down to his little cottage, hoping to have some talk with him. We went simply to see the man who had succored Robert Louis Stevenson. We came away as impressed with the personality of Simoneau as Stevenson had been and fully convinced that anyone who knew him well enough would realize that Stevenson's friendship for him was based on something other than a mere sense of gratitude; that between the litterateur and the peasant, in spite of the gulf that separated them socially and intellectually, there existed a real affinity of soul.

We were met at the door by Simoneau's old Spanish wife, who, at sight of our party of six,

assumed a most forbidding aspect. Evidently she had suffered many things at the hands of tourists who had "done" her house and her husband with scant regard for consequences to either.

In answer to our question if we could see M. Simoneau before our train left, she replied in a burst of broken English: "He eat now; he work hard all day; he only eat two meal a day; he so old, so tired, so bad stomach, if he hurry to eat, or be stopped to talk, his stomach he act bad," from which we gathered that Stevenson's jovial friend of the early days had developed into a dangerous dyspeptic whom it behooved us to leave in peace.

We tried to pacify the old lady in every way except the one way she plainly indicated by the door still closed in our faces. In spite of her refusal, we were quick to gain an entrance, willy-nilly, on the plea of our desire to try her famous tamales, and I placed a half-dollar in her hand, making an apprehensive mental calculation as to how many bunches of tamales each of us would have to eat. She weakened a trifle and asked us to be seated while she got the tamales. This was a step gained, and we intrenched ourselves, glad to be at least under the same roof that had sheltered Stevenson.

When the door opened we looked up eagerly,

but, alas! it was only the tamales done up in a newspaper, tied and evidently prepared for outside consumption. From the little kitchen we heard the clatter of dishes and caught through a crack in the door a glimpse of the old man at his supper. It seemed all the view or interview we were to have. Our mingled zeal and disappointment fought with our pride, and we lingered while the old lady continued to explain how fatal it was to interrupt him. We acquiesced in all she said, agreed it was brutal to hurry him, and then asked irrelevantly if she supposed he was nearly through. I realize now we overstepped all limits. She must have realized it then, but when she saw how matters stood — rather how firmly we sat — she accepted the inevitable gracefully and concealed her impatience, seeming only distracted between two conflicting duties, her plain duty to her husband and what seemed, to her Spanish idea of etiquette, her no less plain duty to these guests who had thrust themselves upon her.

At last she went into the kitchen and whispered something to Simoneau. In a few moments he appeared with his napkin tucked in his blouse plainly intending to shake hands with us and let us go. We explained our persistence by saying we had loved Stevenson and all his

works and wanted to thank him for what he had done to make those works possible.

He saw we were real lovers of his hero, and instantly his manner changed. His face was transfigured; there were tears at his eyes as he said, in a ringing voice that belied his eighty-five years and left us no doubt of our welcome: "Whoever comes to me in the name of that friend is indeed *bienvenu*."

Tossing his napkin into the kitchen, he came forward with the heartiest manner, motioning us to chairs, rubbing his hands in the genial French way, throwing out his chest, suddenly all alert, all eagerness to speak of his friend.

He got down his books, an entire set Stevenson had sent him, each volume bearing on the fly-leaf a typical inscription and his autograph, Simoneau's own name often linked with the author's as in this: "*Ce qu'il y en a de mes ouvrages! Je ne trouve plus rien à griffoner. N'oubliez pas Robert Louis Stevenson. Il n'oubliera pas Jules Simoneau.*"³ In the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" we found this: "But the case of Robert Louis

³ "Here are all my works! I find nothing more to scribble.

"Do not forget
Robert Louis Stevenson.
He will not forget Jules Simoneau."

Stevenson and Jules Simoneau — if the one forgot the other — would be stranger still! Robert Louis Stevenson.” In another we read, “*Vive Jules Simoneau et le temps jadis!*”⁴ In another, “*Que nous avons passé de bonnes soirées, mon brave Simoneau. Sois tranquille, je ne les oublierai pas.*”⁵ In still another: “If there ever was a man who was a good man to me, it was Jules Simoneau.”

He showed us different photographs he had of his friend, pointed out the Stevenson mottoes on the wall, and read in a voice like a trumpet, with a strong French accent:

“Ze world is so full of a number of zings,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings!”

adding in a reminiscent tone: “That was Stevenson — always as happy as a king.”

When I asked him if Stevenson had sent a letter with the books, “No; *que voulez-vous?*” he said with a laugh, pointing to the crowded shelf. “Was that not enough to read in one day?” But this opened up the subject of the letters, and he took them reverently out of a little iron box. As I read them aloud, the old man fell into a reverie. He knew every sylla-

⁴ “Long live Jules Simoneau and the good old days!”

⁵ “What good evenings we have passed together, my brave Simoneau. Rest assured; I will not forget them.”

ble by heart; if I hesitated he was quick to give me the word; but it was not my voice he heard — a voice that for us was still was sounding in his ears; a hand we could not see was beckoning him.

In answer to our question as to how he found Stevenson, he said: "Why he found me. He came to me at once. All Bohemia came to me." Then he told us how one morning with the little company of regulars and irregulars there had appeared at his restaurant a pale young man, sick in body, sick at heart, with no friends, no name, no prospects, whose only recommendation was his need. Many such he welcomed in those days, glad for the breath of the outside world they brought with them, little heedful of the bills they often left unpaid. Not forgetful to entertain strangers, more than once he had been rewarded with the "angel unawares."

In Stevenson's case, however, I think he was never entirely unaware, since when we asked him his first impression of Stevenson he answered with a smile that seemed to light up all the years that were gone: "It was just love at first sight; that was all!"⁶

⁶ Stevenson's full appreciation of Simoneau was more tardy, as his first references to him are slight. He was in Monterey from the latter part of September, 1879, to the end of the

When we spoke of the debt of gratitude the world owed him for having come to Stevenson's rescue, he said quite simply: "It was only what I should have wanted done for me; he was worth saving." And I thought, as I glanced from the works on the shelf to the face of this old man: "What a golden harvest literature has reaped from this application of the Golden Rule; what a wealth of experiences were his that are sunset memories now!"

One secular letter, so to speak, he kept with the sacred ones — a letter from the secretary of the Robert Louis Stevenson Fellowship Society of San Francisco, announcing his own and Mrs. Stevenson's election to honorary membership and warmly inviting him to be the guest of the society at its next meeting. Among all the brilliant men and women who make up its membership none is more honored than Simoneau, and he spoke with naïve enthusiasm of his reception when he read them his letters: "It was a royal welcome, madame; I was like a demigod."

He inquired eagerly if we would be in San Francisco the thirteenth of November, the date year, as appears in the volume of letters edited by Sidney Colvin (*Scribner's*, 1901, p. 164), where only occasional superficial impressions of Simoneau during the first few weeks of his stay are recorded.

of the next meeting, which, though it will add almost another to his eighty-five years, will still, according to his count, make him feel at least twenty years younger, since, as he assured us when we apologized for the length of our visit, "Every good talk I have of Stevenson makes me ten years younger." His wife, by this time beaming on us as benefactors, added in her expressive way: "When he have the bad feelings and be sorry, I run quick to get some one to talk to him of Missa Stevenson, and that make him well again."

Emboldened by this new view of the case and loath to leave the feast while so much remained untasted, I suddenly made up my mind to defer my departure from Monterey, and when the others said "Good-by," I said "*Au revoir.*" This hour with Simoneau had somehow dulled my appetite for the stock sights on our program. What did I care for Lick Observatory when I might look through this old man's eyes at a life that had shone like a star?

The next morning I arrived at his cottage with camera and notebook, and asked that I might take his picture, get a few points for a sketch about him and Stevenson, and perhaps (here my heart thumped) sandwich in a phrase or two from the letters to show how matters stood. To my immense relief he agreed to

everything and explained, with a logic in which I was quick to acquiesce, "the vast deefairance between publishing the letters as a whole, that which he would nevair consent to," and publishing extracts from those letters in an article about himself. He had made a gift of one or two letters to a Stevenson Society in Philadelphia, but no gold could buy his treasures; his eyes flashed fire as he told me his one answer to all would-be purchasers, to persistent publishers and callous collectors, who had tried to tempt him with big sums of money—"Ze money is not coined which could buy zeeese zings from me."

I could see that all hands were needed in the preparation of the chili and the tamales; but when I rose to go, saying I must not keep him longer from his work, his wife came to the rescue of my accusing conscience, assuring me she would do all the work herself "so that," as she explained with tactful turning of the tables, "he might have the pleasure to speak of Missa Stevenson." A delicate way this of setting me at my ease by giving me to understand that, instead of being under obligations, they were the favoured ones. I have rarely met with a finer courtesy than in this little cabin by the sea, with my French host and my Spanish hostess rolling up tamales in the kitchen.

But Simoneau did enjoy the talk and grow young again. His eyes sparkled as he told of the rare old times. Think of what had been his — the companionship of Stevenson for three months; the certainty that he would come every morning as surely as the sun (though a little later, for he breakfasted at ten), and every evening for his supper, the "occasional music of the flute, and the long talks," as regularly as the sun set! He told me he had few friends now, but I did not pity him overmuch; in the old days he had feasted indeed, and memories sufficed now for friendship's daily food.

Laughing to scorn the suggestion that I might betray his confidence, he left me alone for a few minutes to copy the extracts while he helped his wife pack the tamales. I submitted to him the extracts I had taken, and when I recall his hearty response to each one of my tentative proposals: "*Mais, oui, madame,* take what you will. Have I not explained the deefairance?" — my one haunting regret in the whole affair is that I did not copy more. Only once did he take exception to my choice. As I read one of the extracts that was particularly tender and intimate he shook his head saying, "No, that is too *intime*; that was just for me." Admiring the fine instinct which recognized the

dividing line between conversation and communion, I envied him his lot that Stevenson had spoken thus to him.

One volume of his set I noticed was missing — probably the theft of some trusted visitor — and as I was about to ask him for his address, that I might replace it, my eye fell on a faded envelope with a Hyères postmark, whereon was written with a firm clear hand: “M. Jules Simoneau, Monterey, Monterey County, California, U. S. A.” It was as if the master himself had answered my question to whom I should send his book.

At last the tamales were ready and the hour had come for Simoneau to start on his daily rounds. Just one more request I had to make: “Might I take the ‘Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde’ down town and have the inscription properly photographed?” I would bring it back safely within an hour, I added, as he hesitated. It was perhaps too great a strain on his new confidence to trust me with that book, but he replied with prudent chivalry that he would go with me so that I might escape the long walk back. When I protested that he would miss some of the morning sales, he said: “Ze plaisir that I have to walk with you, madame, is greater far zan ze plaisir the money from ze tamales could bring;” and strapping a basket

over each shoulder and tucking the book safely in his blouse, he started off with me.

After the photograph was taken, I told him I was going to the Junipero Serra Monument. "You know," I explained laughingly, "I have seen no sights in Monterey but you"; and he responded gaily: "Shall I tell you what is a definition of Monterey? It is one very old town, where lives one very old philosopher who is named Jules Simoneau." And then, as if to prove how good a joke that was, he would not desert me till he had shown me some of the sights I had neglected.

As he trudged to the old fort with me, he pointed out, in the distance, Pacific Grove, where he goes on his rounds distributing tamales. One hundred and thirty-one bunches he had in all that day, and "always it is that I cannot make as many as I can sell. I have not to ask people to buy; they wait for me. On the street? No, I leave that to the little lads; my clientele is in the country — poor families who buy a dozen or half a dozen bunches. Five cents a bunch I sell them. You see, madame, it is this way; the rich who could pay ten cents do not eat tamales. No, I do not make much money; but I do not need much money, so there it balances. Tired? Yes, sometimes, for I am getting old; but *que voulez-*

vous?" with a shrug of his shoulders and a laugh as he tightened the straps and adjusted the baskets: "It is to do; I do it — *voilà tout.*"

So this old philosopher of Monterey shoudered his heavy burden and started gaily out for his day's work as that other philosopher at Monterey so many years ago shoudered his heavier burden and started off for his day's work — a day that was, alas, so short for the work he had to do!

Before my car came I had just time to see the monument to the old Spanish priest, Father Junipero Serra, who landed here in 1770 and founded all the missions along the coast. As Simoneau climbed the steep hill that overlooks the sea, never losing his breath or seeming to be weary, I said, "Not many eighty-five-year-olds are as active as you."

"Shall I tell you ze zecret?" he replied. "I nevair fret. If good luck comes, I enjoy; if bad luck, I get out of it as soon as posseeble and I nevair get sick with désir for what I cannot have. *Enfin*, I am content," and — throwing out his chest proudly — "Stevenson was like me."

I thought as I looked at the old man and remembered the young one: "Yes, Stevenson was like you. He truly made always the most

of the best, the least of the worst; he, if any, practised the courage that he preached, and by his example led countless souls to resolve with him to ‘play the man.’ ”

Seeing my car in the distance, I ran down the hill to catch it, while Simoneau waved with his sombrero a hearty farewell. A splendid picture he made, in his rough peasant’s blouse, with his sun-browned face and erect figure, the old philosopher of Monterey standing by the monument to the old priest of the mission.

CHAPTER XVII

STEVENSON IN SAN FRANCISCO

Several years ago in San Francisco, as I read Robert Louis Stevenson's comment on "the evocation of that roaring city in a few years of a man's life from the marshes and the blowing sand," I was impressed by the characteristic difference between his old world point of view and our own, we taking as a matter of course this phenomenal growth of our cities which he could liken only to "some enchantment of the Arabian Nights."

"Such swiftness of increase," he continues, still speaking of San Francisco, "as with an overgrown youth, suggests a corresponding swiftness of destruction. We are in early geological epochs, changeful and insecure, and we feel as with a sculptor's model that the author may yet grow weary of and shatter the rough sketch."

The recent destruction of San Francisco lends to these words a tragic significance and recalls vividly to my mind a morning spent searching out Stevenson's haunts in the old mis-

sion quarter of that city. There, after the last act of the play was over, the lights out and the actor long since gone, I saw the stage — even that vanished now! — where he played out the grimdest act of his life's tragedy. As I stood before the dreary workingman's lodging-house, there came to me a vision of the "sick man" who lived there "all alone on forty-five cents a day and sometimes less, with quantities of hard work and many heavy thoughts, burying so much courage and suffering in the manuscript" we read today with such delight; trying so bravely to "fight it through," with "no one but his landlady and restaurant waiters to speak to for days at a time"; in that glad Christmas season, the face of Death almost the only friendly face at hand, and seeming not unkindly as he lifts his own to meet it. For "Death is no bad friend," he writes; "like the truant child I am beginning to grow weary and timid in this big jostling city and would run to my nurse, even although she should have to whip me before putting me to bed."

Walking over to his restaurant on Bush street, the chill wind from the bay beating in my face, I could almost hear him say, "I'm the miser in earnest now, and Saturday when I felt so ill it seemed strange not to be able to afford a drink. I would have walked half a

mile — tired as I felt — for a brandy and soda."

I had my lunch on a bare table in the little café where everything was marked five cents, from the pea soup to the cup custard. But while I could follow up this frugal repast by a dinner at Marchand's at night, Stevenson had nothing better to look forward to after that "drop from a fifty cent to a twenty-five cent dinner" which he records in a letter, adding quickly, "but I regret nothing and do not even dislike these straits, though the flesh will rebel on occasion."

The elderly man who waited on me had, I thought, a slight Dutch accent and with a woman's intuition, I instantly recognized in him that "waiter of High Dutch extraction only partially extracted" in Stevenson's day, by this time thoroughly extracted and Americanized and proud proprietor of the little restaurant.

"What could be more romantic!" I mused. In my enthusiasm it seemed to me at that moment entirely worth his while to have been incarcerated in this cubby-hole for a score of years, waiting for me to arrive on the scene to discover and identify him!

I could hardly wait until the man came out of the kitchen with my pork pie, to ask him all about "the slender gentleman in the ulster, with

the volume buttoned into the breast of it," whom he had served so often with coffee and rolls.

"Stevenson," I explained, as he stared at me blankly; "Robert Louis, you know; tell me all you can remember of him." Alas for my conjectures and theories! The man seemed suddenly stripped of even the slight Dutch accent that had so stimulated my imagination. He stood before me a most painfully prosaic Yankee as he explained politely that he had been in San Francisco almost two years, but had never seen the "party in question." When I had succeeded in straightening out his ideas, however, he had the grace to remember that one afternoon, the year before, some people calling themselves "The Stevenson Fellowship Society" had taken possession of the café, made speeches and toasts and broken bread in memory of Stevenson. After their strange banquet, they had all walked over to Portsmouth Square and planted an ivy from Scotland back of his monument. For in this city which never knew him when he was in her midst, there was erected a beautiful monument to "remember" him when he was gone.

Although he applied for work on various newspapers, the payment offered was too small for one of his painstaking literary habits to

consider, and with the exception of two articles published in the *San Francisco Bulletin*, he had no connection with the press of that city.

Lonely, ill, and poor, estranged from his people, unsuccessful in his work, and discouraged in his attempt to maintain himself, yet meeting every fresh wave of defeat with the same indomitable spirit — the picture we have of Stevenson in San Francisco is indeed inspiring.

In the face of unfavorable criticism of his work by his best friends at home, he is still "not disheartened." Confident there is something in him worth saying, though he can't find what it is just yet, he is determined to "fumble for the new vein until he finds it."

During his four and a half months' stay in San Francisco he turned out an immense amount of literary work, his essays on "Thoreau," "Yoshida Torajiro," "Benjamin Franklin," "The Art of Virtue," "William Penn," and "Dialogue between Two Puppets," being all written and sent home at this time. Here also he finished "The Amateur Emigrant," the second part of which he says was "written in a circle of hell unknown to Dante, that of the penniless and dying author, for dying I was."

"One of the causes which contributed to his illness," writes Sidney Colvin, "was the fatigue he underwent in helping to watch beside

the sick-bed of a child, the son of his landlady. During March and a part of April he lay at death's door."

On his marriage in May, 1880, to Fanny Van de Grift, he left at once with his wife and stepson for the little deserted mining camp of Calistoga, their life there being described in "Silverado Squatters." "The South Sea Idylls" which he read at this time fascinated him greatly, and it is probable, strengthened that impulse which in the end was to "cast him out as by a freshet upon those ultimate islands."

Nine years later, ill and broken, he came once again to San Francisco, where the yacht *Casco* waited to take him on his far journey to the South Seas. How far a journey it was to be he little knew; but I think he would have embarked no less gladly had he realized that in very truth his ship was sailing toward the setting sun.

Some thought like this the artist must have had when he designed his San Francisco monument, a golden ship in full sail — fit emblem of a life "tossed with tempests, yet comforted" and comforting — a ship that sailed strange seas, that breasted many a wave and came at last into port with mast erect and colors gaily flying.

In their admiration for Stevenson the writer, some people are apt to forget that the life he lived was greater than anything he wrote. The story of his wanderings, so full of pathos, heroism, and vital human interest, forms a kind of nineteenth century *Odyssey* that has thrilled our generation as does no piece of mere literature, ancient or modern.

Of course the San Francisco period is only one brief chapter of this story. In all parts of the world travelers are constantly coming upon Stevenson's footprints: "Skerryvore" in Scotland; Monterey on the Pacific coast; the little Swiss chalet in the mountains at Davos; the cottage by the wood at Saranac Lake; "La Solitude" at Hyères; these and far away Valima with its mountain grave, all bear witness to his ceaseless quest for that one good the gods denied him, the gift of health, without which all his other gifts seemed so cruelly handicapped.

And yet it is a question to what extent this lack of physical strength took from the value of his work as a whole, for if we recognize that the personality of the man adds the finishing touch of charm to his writing, we must remember that the strength of his spirit was made perfect in the weakness of his flesh. Indeed, can we forget how often the undaunted soul of

the man came to the rescue of his broken body, while his persistent will to live and will to work seemed for a season to conquer even fate itself? It is for this above all else that men must love and revere him,— this courage which was Spartan in its simplicity and Christian in its essence, which had the appealing grace of sweetness, the immortal gift of light. His courage had also that rare quality of gaiety which enabled him to line with light the clouds that were forever closing in on his horizon; to resolve that if in his corner the sun could not shine, the heavens for others should not be darkened. He had a silver tongue, and there was music and magic in his speech, but I love him most for his golden silences, for those times when he did not lift up his voice nor cry out — when his soul kept dumb faith with God.

CHAPTER XVIII

*ARRIVEDERCI*¹

The year following our winter in California, on a visit to the French Riviera after an absence of seven years, we found practically the entire region suffering from such a congestion of "trippers" and resorters that we were glad to shake the dust from our feet and set forth on a voyage of discovery along the romantic reaches of the less frequented Italian coast country. Not even the famous drive from Sorrento to Amalfi could be more delightfully picturesque than much of the motor trip from Nice to Genoa and from Genoa to Pisa, the only difficulty being the feeling of hopeless indecision as to whether it would be better to yield to the attractions of some of the many seductive little spots along the way or to follow the lure of the road in the hope of finding even more idyllic conditions farther along.

When we reached Rapallo, however, the charm of the little seaport village and the loveliness of its encircling hills laid hold upon us

¹ Italian for "till we meet again."

and banished all desire to discover anything better. An unobtrusive little hotel on the hill-side overlooking the harbor fitted into the landscape as though it were an integral part of the scene, and here—"far from the pride of man and the strife of tongues"—we tarried many happy days, sailing the sea, climbing the mountains, making friends with the peasants, and catching an occasional glimpse into the heart and life of the people that shed new light on Italy's past and awakened new hope for her future.

On one of our tramps we had stopped half-way up a mountain to eat our lunch and drink in the glorious view that lay before us, when a sturdy old peasant, who reminded me strangely of Jules Simoneau, came toiling up the path with a heavy load on his back. He paused in answer to our greeting, set down his pack, mopped his brow, and without further preliminaries plunged into an animated conversation, explaining how much good it always did him to talk to foreigners. Such occasions, we gathered, afforded him his only opportunities for the exchange of ideas and a free discussion of fundamental questions with intelligent people — who thought as he did. As for the peasants around Rapallo, he gave us to understand they were an "ignorant, priest-ridden lot, who

looked at him askance because of his ideas of progress." Pointing to a lonely pine on the hill above us, he said, "I am like that pine, Signora, isolated from my fellows."

He had a passion for reading, and his Bible and Mazzini's writings had been to him a never-ceasing fountain of inspiration and delight. When we asked if he had ever seen Garibaldi or Mazzini, the smouldering fires of memory burst into sudden flame. His eyes glowed and his face shone as he told us of the never-to-be-forgotten days when he had fought with Garibaldi and heard Mazzini speak.

"According to my way of thinking, Signori," he concluded, "Mazzini was the man of the century." It both stirred and surprised us to hear this spontaneous tribute to Italy's prophet son from the old peasant, for on going about the country we had been greatly disappointed at the apparent lack of appreciation of Mazzini's services. While the figure of Victor Emmanuel greets one at every turn in Italy, and many little towns long ago mortgaged themselves (and are still paying interest on the debt) in order to erect a statue to Garibaldi, one seldom sees a monument to Mazzini. It was something of a revelation to find that what the proud aristocrats and comfortable bourgeois apparently have forgotten or perhaps

never were able to comprehend, was not hid from the pure heart and childlike mind of this old peasant. Loving the great Garibaldi as only one of his own soldiers could, he yet was able to realize that not Garibaldi the soldier, nor Cavour the statesman, nor Victor Emmanuel the king, but Mazzini the prophet had given the vital, creative impulse to the movement for Italian unity by rousing to consciousness the soul of the Italian people.

As we were finishing our lunch, the old man insisted on our drinking some wine from his gourd, saying that if we ever passed his little cabin there would be a flask of good Chianti from his own vines ready for us. He climbed a part of the way with us, often pausing and setting down his bundle in order to have free use of his arms and shoulders as he rolled out his sonorous phrases, for true Italian eloquence is a graceful combination of hand-work and tongue-play. There was fire and passion in his talk, and poetry in the soul of this simple peasant whose only tutors had been the Bible and Mazzini, and whom communion with God and Nature had indeed made wise.

One dream that he has cherished all these years he still hopes before he dies to see realized, and that is to go once to Rome and see with his own eyes the capital of United Italy.

When asked if he did not get discouraged sometimes at the long delay, he replied with a patient shrug of his shoulders that gave a pathetic emphasis to his words, "*'Coraggio, sempre coraggio,'*"² that is my motto; I hope always for the best." However, Florence is a long step towards Rome, and he confided to us that he had a plan of selling his little vineyard near Rapallo and "establishing himself in Florence," as the pompous Italian phrase puts it. We evidently did not appear sufficiently impressed with this dazzling prospect, for he repeated the words, dwelling on each syllable with sonorous satisfaction,—"*ho un progetto di stabilirmi in Firenze.*"

An English nobleman, it seems, who often had been to Rapallo, was also thinking of "establishing himself" in a fine old castle in the neighborhood of Florence, and negotiations were even then under way which Giuseppi was confident would result in his becoming one of the gardeners of the place. To the glory of seeing Florence and ending his days there, was to be added the joy of congenial companionship, for Giuseppi hinted that his lordship shared his own principles and believed also in "progress." I hope, indeed, that the plan went through, for it would be good to think

² Courage, always courage.

that the solitary pine at last had been transplanted into the friendly atmosphere of the old castle garden.

At last we came to a little mountain shrine which marked the parting of our ways. Our stony path, made by monks centuries ago, moss-grown now and shaded by live-oaks, stretched along a narrow ridge that connected two mountain ranges like some bridge which Nature had swung high above the valley. On either side lay terraced hills, covered with olive-trees gnarled and twisted by the centuries into shapes of demons which, like the Biblical swine, seemed to be rushing headlong down into the sea.

As we drank once more to the health of young Italy with this peasant who had fought to make her free, the act seemed almost like a sacrament. The old man stood silent for a moment, plunged in thought; but suddenly rousing himself, he pointed to the mountains round about us — the serried ranks of the Apennines that stand guard over Italy. "Signori," he said simply, "the mountains remain motionless, but unto man it is given to move; perhaps we shall meet again. *Arrivederci.*"

He soon was lost to view in the pine forest, but at intervals as we looked back we could distinguish a little red Garibaldi handkerchief

waving in the open spaces, and for a long time the friendly mountains kept bringing us the echo of his "*arrivederci*," grown fainter and fainter as the voice of the old man died away in the distance.

And so, gentle reader, as the writing of books is a habit which once formed is not lightly broken possibly we can do no better than take our leave of you in the words of the old Italian peasant,—"*Arrivederci!*" Who knows — *qui lo sa?* — Perhaps we shall meet again !

